The Post

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NO. 634. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

U BOATS SUNK IN ATTACK ON CONVOY

MORE PRISONERS CAPTURED ON YPRES FRONT.

ERMANS PREPARING TO COUNTER-ATTACK LOST RIDGE.

SCOTTISH PLATOON'S EFFECTIVE WORK WITH THE BAYONET.

man artillery yesterday heavily shelled our new positions on the ridge from Broodseinde southwards, but no counter-attacks developed. An additional 380 prisoners were captured in the last twenty-four hours.

ddition to bombing raids, in which over two tons of explosives were dropped, British airmen drove down seven German aeroplanes. Five of our machines are missing.

man infantry lost very severely in Thursday's battle, and the Press Association Special Correspondent reports that forty enemy battalions suffered so heavily as to be incapable of further fighting for some time.

umber of U boats were sunk by American destroyers convoying a merchant fleet. A thrilling battle was fought in full view of the merchant fleet.

RITISH MAKE ANOTHER HAUL OF PRISONERS.

FROM SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

France, 10 p.m., Saturday.

Our artillery has been active all day upon the whole battle front.

The enemy's artillery fire has been directed mainly against our positions on the ridge from Broodseinde soutnwards, but no nter-attacks have developed.

An additional 380 prisoners have been taken by us in the last nty-four hours.

On the rest of the British front there is nothing of special ortance to report.

The weather on the 5th inst. continued to be unsettled and my, and again made flying difficult. Successful artillery work nevertheless, been accomplished, and many photographs were n.

Enemy aerodromes in the Lille area were attacked with bombs. way stations at Westroosebeke, Iseghem, and Courtrai were cked during the day. The latter two were also attacked at night, over two tons of explosives were dropped.

Enemy aircraft were active in the battle area. Four of his hines were brought down, and three driven down out of control. e of our machines are missing.

COTTISH PLATOON'S GREAT WORK WITH BAYONET.

France, Saturday Night.

The great majority of the German killed, wounded, and cap- d in the desperate struggles in the enemy's counter-attacks east pres are a good type of men running between twenty-five and ty years of age, soldiers whose places the Higher Command not possibly fill again.

The only result of this tremendous expenditure of life on the of the enemy has been slightly to bend back the line of our eme advance in the region of Cameron Covert, where the ground nclined to be swampy and not nice to hold.

The bayonet appears to have played a conspicuous part in the nter-attacks, our men getting the opportunity to come to grips h the Huns, and I understand that a large proportion of the y wounded brought into our casualty clearing stations were d to be suffering from bayonet wounds.

One platoon from a Scottish regiment in the course of a hard t for a large concrete emplacement killed four officers and ty-three other ranks with their bayonets.—Press Association ial Correspondent.

40 BATTALIONS SHATTERED.

GERMAN INFANTRY'S SEVERE LOSSES.

ENEMY'S BEST TROOPS HURLED INTO FLANDERS BATTLE.

(By Press Association Special Correspondent.)

Correspondents' Headquarters, British Army, France, Saturday Night.

The usual lull which follows upon the exhaustion of intense fighting has descended upon the Flanders battle ground.

It is true that the guns continue to wax and wane in their never-ending chorus, but there has been no infantry activity to speak of during the past twenty-four hours.

We are steadily consolidating our gains, whilst the other side, having spent its efforts to drive us back, is presumably sitting down and licking its grievous wounds.

Confusion in German Lines.

How great these efforts have been we can now judge. The fact that most of the prisoners taken in the counter-attacks were found to be equipped with brand new gear suggests that Von Armin has thrown in the best troops of which he could dispose.

Many of them carried new cookers upon which the issue seals had not even been broken.

The latest news from Cameron Covert is that we have improved our position and straightened our outer front since the last fierce effort of the Huns.

The promiscuous manner in which the various German supports and reserves have been thrown in indicates a considerable state of confusion behind the hostile lines.

Although the hostile artillery has done a terrific lot of shooting, yet this has been mainly spasmodic, and not directed in a manner to suggest the existence of any definite plan of artillery resistance to an advance which we now know was fully expected.

Guns seems to have been moved about so frequently of late that considerable disorganisation must have resulted.

Forty Enemy Battalions Hammered.

As to the infantry losses, I have reason to believe that, out of six divisions, incluing one of the Guards, between Gheluvelt and just north of the village of Passchendale, some forty battalions have suffered so heavily as to be incapable of further fighting for some time.

It should not be forgotten that these German divisions now only consist of nine battalions, and not twelve or more, like our own.

Enemy Officers Casualties.

The proportion of officers captured since Thursday morning appears to be in the ratio of one to every forty men. Bearing in mind the fact that the casualties amongst the officers would doubtless be relatively much higher than amongst the men, it is clear that the commissioned ranks bore to the full their share in the struggle. According to prisoners, this has not always been the case.

The weather as I write is cold, wet, and cheerless, but there is a tendency to lighten in the hue of the sky, and the rain is not heavy enough seriously to affect the ground.

GEN. MAUDE'S MESSAGE TO SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

France, Saturday Night.

The following telegrams which have been published as an Army Order of the day will reflect the spirit of confidence in which the Commander-in-Chief views the situation.

To Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, from General Maude, Bagdad, 26th September:—

On behalf of all ranks in Mesopotamia I send to you and our comrades in France our warmest congratulations on the splendid victory which you and they have just achieved. We are watching your almost daily progress with intense interest, and feel confident that we shall hear of further successes shortly.

From Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, to General Maude, Bagdad, 29th September:—

Sincere thanks for your kind telegram from us all to you and our comrades under your command. We are confident of further successes on your front and ours, and all goes well.

ANOTHER PARIS SENSATION.

DEPUTY PLACED UNDER ARREST.

MYSTERY OF PARCEL OF SWISS BANK NOTES.

Paris, Saturday Night.

An official statement reports that Deputy Turmel has been arrested this morning.—Exchange Telegram.

The case of M. Turmel, a French Deputy, is one of three "affairs,' which have been causing immense sensation in Paris. One of these affairs is the case of Bolo Pasha, a wealthy financier, who obtained his title from the ex-Khedive, and who was arrested last week on suspicion of having aided German propaganda. The third affair is the "Bonnet Rouge" case, the "Bonnet Rouge" being an evening paper, whose founder, an unscrupulous adventurer, committed suicide in prison. It is suspected he was engaged in espionage.

M. Turnel is under suspicion of having entertained dealings with the Central Powers, and his case has been under public notice for some time, and in a demand for the suspension of Parliamentary immunity in the case of M. Turmel, the Paris Public Prosecutor recalled that on 9th July £1000 in Swiss bank notes was found in M. Turmel's cupboard in the Chamber and handed to the Chamber authorities, and that M. Turmel made no request for this money.

When recently called upon to furnish explanations, he first of all stated that the sum had been received by him in payment of fees from Franco-Swiss firms for whom he had acted as consulting lawyer, and that the firms in question had promised him for the morrow a list of those payments.

Subsequently in an interview in the Journal M. Turmel stated that the money had been paid to him in connection with a contract for £560,000 worth of cattle; he had been consulted, and had been paid £1200 for his advice. The contract concerned Italian, Swiss, and French firms, and the whole case turned upon whether any of the three countries had legalised the performance of this contract.

Subsequently M. Turmel wrote to the President of the Chamber giving yet another explanation, according to which the money had been paid to him for legal advice by the Swiss Federal Bank. On the 17th M. Turmel was summoned as a witness to a judicial inquiry opened into the matter and ignored the summons.

The Public Prosecutor concluded, therefore, that there is ground for supposing that M. Turmel's operations in Switzerland constitute a breach of the Trading with the Enemy Acts.

EDUCATING THE SOLDIERS IN "WAR AIMS."

GERMAN GENERAL'S REMARKABLE SPEECH.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to a Berlin telegram the Reichstag to-day discussed the Socialist interpolation regarding the agitation in the army on behalf of a pan-German policy as well as the favoured treatment of pan-German propaganda with regard to the holding of meetings.

Replying to Herr Landsberg, General von Stein, Minister of War, said the Army Command do not permit political agitation in the army. In view of the enemy's lies which circulate round the world it is clear that soldiers must be enlightened concerning the real causes of the war, the enemy's intentions, and the consequences of a lost war. Men on leave must be enlightened regarding difficulties at home, and to this must be added some explanation about supplies. The army hungers for intellectual nutriment—(laughter)—therefore the Army Command issued general instructions regarding lectures, music, plays, cinemas, pamphlets, and army newspapers.

We see, however, quite other sorts of agitation. Marshal Hindenburg recently with one clear statement destroyed the web of lie that had been spun around his person. Now it is put about that far-reaching differences exist between him and Ludendorff. This lie, too, had a short life. There are no two people in the German Empire so united in their convictions as Marshal Hindenburg and General Ludendorff. We aim at maintaining the spirit of our army at the level in which it entered on the campaign.

Dr Helfferich, the Vice-Chancellor, said there is no question of a big political debate, and the Chancellor's attitude towards our war aims is not the object of the interpellation. If you have not confidence in the men at the head of the army and the Government, then there is no object in my continuing to address you. (Disturbance and the Vice-Chancellor broke off his speech).

DESTROYERS VICTORY.

"NUMBER OF U BOATS SUNK."

CONVOYED FLEET ATTACKED.

Washington, Saturday.

The Committee of Public Information has announced the first of a series of battles between American destroyers and German U boats. The date is witheld.

The U boat was apparently sunk.

The destroyer used a depth charge.

Other submarines were sunk in the encounters, the total number of which is not given, but it is merely stated a number were sunk.

A thrilling fight took place in full view of the convoyed merchant fleet.

The British admiral has sent a message of congratulation.

This is the second occasion on which the American authorities give details of a fight with U boats which attacked a convoy. On the first occasion was some time after the arrival of the first American troops in France, when it was stated that U boats made a determined attack on the convoy, but were beaten off.

AMERICAN PATROL SHIP LOST.

Washington, Saturday.

The Navy Department announces that an American patrol vessel on duty in foreign waters, was lost through an accident. There were no casualties.—Exchange Telegram.

THE VICTORY AT RAMADIE.

DETAILS OF GENERAL MAUDE'S CAPTURES.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

The War Office announces:—The General Officer Commanding the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force reports that the detailed list of captures at Ramadie is as follows:—

Prisoners:—Unwounded—145 officers and 3120 men.

Wounded—190.

Guns—13.

Machine guns—11.

Rifles—1061.

Small-arm ammunition—710 boxes

Quantity of gun ammunition, railway material, parts of five unassembled engines, and several miles of track; also two steam launches, and a large quantity of miscellaneous engineering material, clothing, equipment, and stores.

BRITISH WAVE OF GUNFIRE.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

In the fighting district of the Flanders front, the destructive fire, which was powerful throughout the day, increased in the evening to waves of drum fire.

Between Poelcapelle and Gheluvelt no British attack of importance took place. Advancing reconnoitring detachments were repulsed.—German Afternoon Report.

PERU DECIDES TO BREAK WITH GERMANY.

New York, Saturday.

A telegram from Lima says that the Peruvian Congress voted almost unanimously yesterday in favour of the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany.

REHEARSAL OF AIR RAIDS.

ALARM IN THE RHINE TOWNS.

KAISER TO INSPECT DEFENCES.

London, Saturday.

The German military authorities have forbidden the newspapers to print news concerning the Allies' determination to bomb German cities in reprisal for Germany's air raids over England (says an Amsterdam correspondent).

This is done from fear of the panic that would surely ensue if accounts of Great Britain's determination were published.

Meanwhile they are ordering panic measures against possible raids all along the Rhine, and especially around Cologne, Essen, Aix La Chapelle, Frankfort, Treves, Coblenz, and Mainz, also on the North Sea coast.

Extraordinary precautions are being taken. All lights are out at dusk, the air defences are to be increased, and aeroplane factories are ordered to work at the greatest possible speed twenty-four hours a day.

Most of the aeroplane squadrons on the Eastern front have been recalled to Western cities.

The Kaiser, with General von Hoppner, the Supreme Air Commander, will shortly inspect the Rhine valley defences minutely.

Burgomasters have ordered teachers in schools to instruct shool boys and girls how to act during air raids.

It is reported that during the past week one or two Zeppelins at nightfall have flown over a number of Rhenish towns which are exposed to attack by Allied aeroplanes. As soon as a Zeppelin is reported set instructions are carried out by the public and officials—in fact, an air raid rehearsal. All lights are put out, and people are rushed off to shelters previously indicated to them.

CHILD VICTIM OF BOMB FUMES.

Sequel to the Raids in London.

London, Saturday Night.

At an inquiry held at a place in Kent on a London infant named Lilian Trower, aged ten weeks, it was elicited that the parents with the deceased went to some flour mills for shelter during the air raid in the Metropolis on Monday night. Bombs fell not far off, and owing to the fumes they had to apply their handkerchiefs to their mouths.

On Tuesday morning the family came down to the place in Kent and spent the night in a hopper's hut. The deceased child died suddenly on Wednesday morning.

Both the father and mother stated that the fumes from the bombs penetrated the mills in which they were sheltering.

According to the doctor the deceased was very healthy, but the lungs showed signs of acute inflammation, and these were consistent with the child having inhaled some irritant from the fumes of bombs.

The jury's verdict was that death was apparently due to the inhaling of an irritant gas which had come from an exploded bomb.

GERMANS DESIRE FOR PEACE.

Peculiar Theory of "Silence About Belgium."

Amsterdam (Received Saturday).

The Buerger Zeitung of Bremen says it hears from Berlin that it is no secret there that the German Government is confident of the nearness of peace, and that this is not merely an attitude to spur people on to further efforts. The confidence of the Government is deep and real.

It is impossible to say upon what this confidence is based. Naturally people think that something very important is known to the Government which is not known to the public. The German Government thinks that temporary silence over Belgium will actually further the cause of peace. Their train of argument appears to be that by letting the opinion now gain ground among the Entente Powers that silence about Belgium is intentional, and therefore makes speedy peace impossible.

Then when Germany's declaration comes that she is prepared to restore full independence to that country the diplomatic tangle would at one stroke be unravelled, and the door be opened to negotiations. It is not right to say that the speakers in the Reichstag held their tongues about Belgium for fear of the Pan-Germans. In the present hard times there can be no better director of foreign policy than an optimist, but he must not disappoint.

If the development towards peace makes no visible progress the present Government will come under a cross-fire, and a general condemnation of its cheerful credulity would be fatal to it. The German Government wants peace, believes in it, and is convinced that it is on the shortest road to it.

FRENCH MAKE SURPRISE ATTACK IN VOSGES.

Paris, Saturday Night.

Both artilleries showed rather greater activity in the region of Braye-en-Laonnois, and on the right bank of the Meuse to the north of Chaume Wood. In the Vosges we made a successful surprise attack in the region of Senones. French Night Official.

FIVE ALLIED AEROPLANES SHOT DOWN.

Five Allied aeroplanes were shot down, according to the German Saturday afternoon report. Lieutenant Mi[illegible] gained his 29th aerial victory.

FIGHTING IN MACEDONIA.

ALLIES' TROOPS' FINE SUCCESS.

BULGARIANS DRIVEN FROM STRONG POSITIONS.

Paris, Saturday.

Reports to hand regarding the latest Franco-Albanian success in Macedonia state that the operation was carried out in the difficult Scumbi Valley by only one battalion of troops with such vigour and dash that three enemy battalions defending a series of fortifications retired in great disorder to their second line.

During their retirement they were mown down by machine-gun fire, and they finally abandoned their positions, leaving more than 300 dead on the ground, besides 500 prisoners and a large quantity of war material.

The Franco-Albanian casualties in this affair were only twenty.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The communique of the French Eastern Army is:—

Friday.—The day was quiet on the whole of the front. Some enemy patrols were repulsed to the west of Lake Ochrida. Allied aviators bombarded the enemy establishments to the north of Ghevobeli and towards Resna.

ITALIANS BEAT BACK HOSTILE ATTACKS.

Rome, Saturday.

To-day's Italian official report says:—

In Daone Valley (Chiese) during the night of 4th-5th inst., enemy parties, who, with the support of the artillery of the forts in their rear, attacked our positions, were repulsed.

On the Bainsizza Plateau, north of Vippacco, and in the Dosso Falti sector (Carso) there were artillery duels.

South of Podlaka we captured some prisoners in patrol engagements.

GERMANY TO SUPPLY COAL TO HOLLAND.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

It is understood that in accordance with the trading agreement arrived at between Holland and Germany the latter will supply her neighbour with two hundred thousand tons of German coal and fifty thousand tons of Belgian coal a month. There is a possibility that Germany will also allow free zone to Dutch ships fetching coals from England.

Amsterdam, Later.

It is believed that the conditions on which an agreement has been reached between the Dutch and German negotiations regarding the supply of German coal are that the price of coal should be fixed at 45 guilden per ton. Monthly credit will be given to Germany, and Germany must allow safe passage for Dutch vessels carrying coal from England.

SERIOUS RIOTS IN VIENNA.

Military Help Police to Restore Order.

Geneva, Saturday.

The Socialist Arbeiter Zeitung reports that serious riots occurred early this week at Vienna.

The military assisted the police in restoring order.

The origin of the trouble is not disclosed.

DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

Arrangements for Their Training.

London, Saturday.

Army Council instructions have just been issued relating to the continued treatment and training of discharged soldiers. The Ministry of Pensions and War Pensions Committees in the boroughs and county boroughs and in the other large towns are charged with the duty of securing any medical treatment or training for industrial life that a discharged soldier may need.

The instructions suggest that officers in charge of hospitals should be placed in touch with such committees. So long as in-patient treatment is required, and accommodation is available, soldiers will be retained in appropriate hospitals, and, if considered unfit for further service, will be brought before the Invaliding Board.

In addition to hospital treatment an appropriate course of technical training may for many of the cases be desirable. The provision of such means of training rests with the Ministry of Pensions, and officials of hospitals are advised to assist such cases with advice.

MISS ADELA PANKHURST'S BOND.

Melbourne, Friday (Received Saturday).

Miss Adela Pankhurst, who had been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for encouraging damage to property, has signed a bond of £100 to be of good behaviour, and the sentence has been suspended.—Reuter.

[A telegram from Melbourne earlier in the week announced the marriage of Miss Adela Pankhurst with a Mr Walsh, a widower.]

The employees of the Aisne Factory of Babcock & Wilcox, Ltd., held a fancy-dress parade yesterday, when they paraded the principal streets of Renfrew, and then marched to Paisley.

BOGUS DOCTOR'S CAREER.

YOUNG ADVENTURER'S FRAUDS.

ENDS LIFE TO AVOID EXPOSURE.

London, Saturday Night.

According to a cable from Melbourne, Australia, Paul Loubet, the international adventurer, has committed suicide there to avoid exposure.

Paul Loubet was known in London a few years ago. He had no right to use the honoured French name by which he has been occasionally known. His friends believed that his mother was a distant relative of M. Emile Loubet, the late French President, but his family did not bear that name.

He was a medical student in Paris before the war and he had a few escapades with women which were not entirely creditable to him.

Remarkable Career in England.

Before he was qualified as a medical man he came to England, where his career was rather a remarkable one. He was about 24, and by means of forged papers obtained appointments as assistant to doctors at Southampton, Ipswich, and other places. From July 28 to September 11, 1914, he was acting as locum tenens for a doctor at Leyton. On August 4 of the same year, the day Great Britain declared war against Germany, he applied at the Admiralty for temporary service as a naval surgeon, representing himself to be Dr Edward Heffernan. He was requested to furnish his birth certificate and a recommendation from some responsible person, but nothing more was heard from him.

Two days later, however, he obtained a naval surgeon's uniform for £13 from a West-End firm, but didn't pay the bill.

On August 14 he applied for a position as temporary surgeon in the R.A.M.C., signing his application form Percy Webber Black, M.D., the name of a Dublin doctor which he went under at Leyton. He was gazetted as a Temporary Lieutenant in the R.A.M.C. on September 12, but in March, 1915, the falsity of his name and qualifications was discovered, and he was arrested. He was brought before the Magistrate at Bow Street and was charged with fraudulently personating Dr Percy Webber Black and with obtaining army pay to the amount of £219 17s 10d, and a naval uniform by false pretences. Another charge against him was that of giving a false certificate relating to the death of Arthur Charles Rumsey, in the name of P. W. Black, L.R.C.P., and of forging a certificate of the death of the same person for the purpose of the Registration Act.

Subsequently he appeared for trial at the O'd Bailey and was then handed over to an escort to be taken to France, where he was due to serve in the army. He served in the French Army as a private for a time, but it was believed that he deserted.

A Handsome Chap With Engaging Manner.

This curious adventurer was a tall, handsome, dark young man with most engaging manners, and there was no doubt as to his popularity with the people he knew in this country, especially the female part of them. His intimates and the police were of the opinion that his mental condition was not entirely perfect.

DARTMOOR SHEPHERD AGAIN.

Caught in the Act.

Chester, Saturday.

The Cheshire police have in custody an old man, who admits he is Davies, the notorious Dartmoor shepherd, on a charge of attempting to commit sacrilege at Bredbury.

Prisoner was found in the act of picking the church locks, and when surprised he had skeleton keys, a jemmy, a tin of vaseline, and a file in his possession.

The prisoner was remanded for inquiries.

CIGARETTE IN SHELL FACTORY.

£20 Fine for Fifteen-Year-Old Boy.

London, Saturday Night.

At a Northern Court to-day James Atkinson, a boy aged fifteen, pleaded guilty to smoking a cigarette in a National Factory, on 27th September. The boy said a man gave him the cigarette, and he forgot he was in the danger zone. A fine of £20 was imposed—the boy's father to pay. The Bench regretted that he could not be sent to prison.

William Sanderson, a well-educated young man, employed in the same factory, found on 1st October with a single match in his vest pocket after he had given up pipe, tobacco, and matches at the gate, was sent to prison for two months.

GALLANT GLASGOW SURGEON.

Little Boy Gets Dead Father's Award.

Colchester, Saturday Night.

The General Commanding at Colchester to-day presented the Military Cross to the six-year-old son of Captain M'Cosh, a Glasgow surgeon, who joined the R.A.M.C. on the outbreak of the war, and lost his life through gallant devotion to duty whilst the advanced station where he was posted was subjected to three hours' heavy fire. The gallant officer's young widow accompanied her son Tom M'Cosh, who stood at attention in the centre of the square, filled with troops.

SUGAR SHORTAGE.

RIGID ECONOMY NECESSARY.

CATERERS' SUPPLIES TO BE REDUCED.

London, Saturday.

Interviewed by a Press Association representative this afternoon, one of the London Food Commissioners stated that despite the sugar cards scheme, there would be a shortage of sugar.

The public, he said, should not come to the conclusion that they are going to get sugar because they have filled in their sugar forms and are now receiving their sugar cards. "We cannot give them any guarantee that they will receive the quantity of sugar they need, but we are taking measures that will, we hope, enable us to secure a fair distribution of the stocks available.

"The shortage is due to a great extent to the extravagance of caterers, &c., who have been taking supplies far beyond their needs. But we are stopping all that. Special sub-committees have been appointed to deal with them, and a drastic reduction in their supplies may be expected."

In some districts a large number of sugar cards have already been despatched, but the Press Association is asked to state that owing to the heavy work involved two or three weeks may elapse before householders receive them.

SEQUEL TO STRIKE RIOT.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST PERTH MEN.

Perth, Saturday.

Before Sheriff Sym at Perth to-day, George Dunn, signal lamplighter, 64 South Street; Andrew Martin, jun., dyer's labourer, 30 Longcauseway; David Smith, apprentice moulder, 12 Wilson Street, Craigie, Francis Clark Scrimgeour, apprentice fitter, 16 Tarry Row, Ruthvenfield; and Wm. M'Coll, jun., apprentice dyer, 29 Mill Street, were charged with having formed part of a riotous mob which obstructed Wm. Carstairs, depute-chief constable, Perth; James Kemp, inspector of police; Hugh Robert Dalrymple, Duncan Fraser and Richard Porter, police constables, Lanarkshire Constabulary, Hamilton, and other constables on duty, and assaulted Carstairs and Dalrymple and other constables.

They were further charged with jostling and assaulting Annie Harris, feather dresser, 65 Wilson Street Craigie, and Margaret M'Leod, clerkess, 22 Priory Place, Craigie, for the unlawful purpose of overawing and intimidating them by force of violence and preventing or endeavouring to keep them from entering the works of J. Pullar & Sons and continuing their employment.

They pleaded not guilty, and the trial was fixed for 17th October

THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

GOVERNMENT ACTION DEMANDED.

Dundee, Saturday.

The great interest manifested in the housing question by Trades Unions, Co-Operators, and members of progressive organisations was evidenced by the large attendance present at a conference held in Dundee this afternoon.

The delegates were drawn from Dundee and Forfarshire, and the meeting was presided over by Mr Nicholas Marra.

Letters on the subject were read from Mr Churchill, Mr Alexander Wilkie, the members of Parliament for the city, and Mr James Falconer, M.P. for the county.

Mr Churchill said there would be a period during which it would be manifestly impossible for private enterprise to cope with the demand for healthy and decent homes, and the Government recognised that it would be necessary to afford substantial financial assistance from public funds to those local authorities who were prepared to carry through an approved programme of housing for the working classes.

Mr Wilkie wrote that if we could spend seven million pounds per day in the prosecution of the war, which, in its operation, was destructive of life, then we as a country should have no difficulties about spending the matter of twenty million pounds for the purpose of housing the people under better conditions than they have ever been before.

Mr Falconer stated that the question of housing in the country districts in Scotland was beset with difficulty, and so far he had not been able to see a satisfactory solution of it except as part of a reform of our whole system of land tenure.

A series of resolutions was submitted, calling upon the Government to insist on all local authorities preparing housing schemes adequate to the needs of the district cotties, and, failing action by local authorities, the Local Government Board should carry out the schemes.

BATTALIONS OF FLEAS.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

A Kilsyth soldier, in the course of an interesting letter from the Holy Land, says:—We are jolly glad to leave the trenches, because of all the places I have seen or been in, they took the perkin on account of fleas. These pests came not in platoons or companies, but in battalions!

In the stilly night—stilly, but for Johnny Turk's big guns sending us an occasional shell—we did object to them bringing their artillery into action, for it was no use attempting a sleep, as those fleas were adepts at keeping us awake. "Stand to!" was welcome, for when daylight fairly broke and the sun came out, we doffed shirts and had a glorious scrimmage!

Blood flowed freely, and casualties were numerous. So far, this Holy Land has been so in name only. Heat, sand, flies, fleas, scorpions, centipedes, and sandstorms seem to be always with us.

MASKED MEN HOL[D] UP MAIL.

SENSATIONAL INCIDEN[T] ON HIGHWAY.

CAR DRIVER'S STARTLIN[G] EXPERIENCE.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special")

Loughrea, Saturday.

The days of the notorious highwayman Dick Turpin, have been recalled by a startling affair which has taken place near Loughrea. This is a market town in the County Galway, and has a population of over 25,0[00]. A mail car runs to it from the town of Athenry.

When the mail car was making its customary journey, it was held up in a most sensational fashion in the vicinity of Loughrea. Without the slightest warning, two men wearing masks, suddenly sprang upon the car, and roughly seized the driver, who they gagged. The masked men, who, it is stated, were on the look-out for bags containing the money which was being conveyed to the old-age pensioners of the district, started on their search. They ransacked the car, but failed to find their objective.

After this, in the coolest manner imaginable, they announced that what they had come in search of was not to be found. The gag was removed from the driver and he was instantly released. Immediately afterwards the highwaymen disappeared.

The most remarkable feature of the amazing affair, which has caused a sensation throughout the district, is the fact that there was a bag on the mail car at the time it was held up which contained between £200 and £300. This, however, despite a vigorous search, the masked men failed to detect.

FUTURE OF MINE MANAGERS.

IS STATE ENCOURAGEMENT REQUIRED?

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

An infinite variety of points affecting the higher training of colliery managers and mining men generally were discussed this evening at a largely attended meeting in the Mining Institute of Scotland which was held in the Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh.

The discussion was the outcome of a paper by Mr G. L. Kerr, secretary of the Institute, in which certain novel suggestions were put forward, the cumulative effect of which would be, if carried into practice, to ensure the higher training of colliery managers.

Professor Henry Briggs said that a mining student was often encouraged to climb—was indeed subsidised when climbing—and when he reached the top was allowed to tackle the force of gravity in his own way, with the result that gravity often won. (Laughter.)

Thus it was with a student who rose from the ranks by dint of hard study, with twelve or fifteen years of mining experience, a manager's certificate, and a college training creditably carried through. The student found himself offered a job as assistant repairer when he sought to return to the pits.

What was the result? In very many cases the men went abroad, where their qualifications were appreciated, and where they earned a salary commensurate to the sacrifices they made and the money they spent on their education. (Applause.)

Mr James Boyd (Kilsyth), emphasised the necessity of practical training rather than highly technical education, or even university degree. There was no school either at a technical college or university that would brace a man up who was ambitious like a constant and unbroken pull of good, sound training in the mine. (Applause.)

Mr Kerr, in his reply, maintained that it was essential for the State or some authority in the State to develop the latent talent in promising lads. In this connection he remarked on the astonishing measure of encouragement which Japan, and even Germany, gave to its youth to acquire higher knowledge of the scientific and technical professions.

TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

A Day of Retribution.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Under the auspices of the United Committee for the Taxation of Land Values, the Edinburgh Taxation of Land Values League a Scottish National Conference was held in Edinburgh this afternoon.

Mr H. S. Murray, president of the Edinburgh League, presided over about 500 delegates.

In moving a resolution condemning the Corn Production Bill, and demanding the taxation of land values, Mr R. L. Outhwaite, M.P., said this was the great harvest time of the profiteer and monopolist, and a hundred miles away death was reaping its harvest of the young and the brave. This was not going to continue for long. There was a day coming—a day of reparation and retribution, and a day of liquidation. In order to wipe off the vast war debt they would have to bring into the balance sheet on the credit side the national assets, which were the land, and coal and iron that went with the land.

Mr J. Dundas White, LL.D., M.P., seconded, in referring to the need of land for food cultivation, said the submarine menace might be a blessing in disguise if it enabled them to get the land.

The resolution was carried by a large majority.

A flag day in aid of Y.M.C.A. huts at Alyth yesterday realised £[illegible]

AIRDRIE MINISTER PAYS £100

IN SETTLEMENT OF BREACH OF PROMISE ACTION.

ARDENT LETTERS TO FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special."

Airdrie, Saturday Night.

We understand that a settlement has been reached in the action raised in Airdrie Sheriff Court by Miss Bessie Stewart Robbie, farmer at Gella, Cortachy, Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, against Rev. George Auchterlonie Airdrie, minister of the Park Congregational Church, Stanley House, Airdrie, for £250 damages for breach of promise of marriage. Under the terms of settlement the defender agrees to a decree in favour of pursuer for the sum of £100, with interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum from the date of the interlocutor to be issued till payment, with expenses as taxed by the auditor of the Court.

Pursuer is thirty-one years of age, and resides with her father, who is a farmer at Gella, Cortachy, Kirriemuir. From May, 1909, till July, 1914, she was employed as a parlour-maid at St Andrews. In March, 1912 the defender was appointed minister of the Congregational Church at St Andrews, and remained there until September, 1916, when he was appointed minister of the Park Congregational Church in Airdrie.

In pursuer's condescendence it was stated that she attended the Congregational Church in St Andrews, and shortly after defender's appointment to this church the parties in question became acquainted. It was averred that defender paid pursuer marked attention, accompanied her home on the Sunday evenings after the service, and also visited her. Pursuer further stated that on or about 4th July, 1913, defender, after accompanying her home, asked her if she was prepared to marry him. This offer pursuer accepted, and it was arranged that as soon as he received another appointment they would get married.

In November, 1913, defender got the offer of a church in Rutherglen, but after discussing the matter with pursuer, decided not to accept this appointment. In February, 1914, while on a week-end visit with pursuer to her parents at Gella, he was introduced to her parents and friends as her sweetheart.

"Bright Days and Dark."

Pursuer stated that, on the advice of defender, and with a view to preparing for her marriage, in July, 1914, she gave up her situation at St Andrews. The couple corresponded on the most affectionate terms, and in one letter defender wrote:—"Ups and downs, happiness and the opposite, bright days and dark, all have been mine. But one thing that surpasses all is that it is the place where I first looked into the face of the girl whom I dearly wished to kiss, wished to drop the Miss, and call by name, call her 'my girl.'"

In another letter he said:—"My own sweetheart Bessie,—You ask, woman, if I look forward to the coming of your weekly letter. I'll ask you another—Do you think I refrain from kissing you if you put your face near mine? Yes, Bessie, Tuesday morning brings your epistle, and so to me it is the outstanding day of the week."

Abruptly Broken Off.

The parties corresponded in most affectionate terms until 11th June, 1917, when pursuer received a letter from defender in which he stated that he had changed his mind, and that owing to his small salary and financial position the marriage would not take place that month, but would require to be indefinitely postponed. Thereafter defender refused to implement his engagement to marry pursuer.

Defender admitted having promised to marry pursuer, but stated that for financial reasons he found himself unable to fulfil his promise. His salary was stated to be £130 per annum, along with a free manse. Beyond that he had no means whatever.

The agent for the pursuer was Mr D. Murray Aitken, 121 West Regent Street, Glasgow, and for the defender, Mr James Reid, L.L.A., 8 East High Street, Airdrie.

Defender Resigns Charge.

The Rev. Mr Hardie has recently resigned the pastorate of Park Congregational Church. At present the management are carrying on the congregational arrangements without a minister.

£380 FROM WAR COMFORTS TICKETS.

Result of Latest Draw.

Glasgow, Saturday.

The amount available for prizes out of sale of war comforts tickets for week ending 4th October is £380. The following is the result of the draw:—

1st prize, No. 77,666,	.. .. ..	£80
2nd prize, No. 172,004,	.. .. ..	£70
3rd prize, No. 87,624,	.. .. ..	£60
4th prize, No. 24,781,	.. .. ..	£50
5th prize, No. 123,718,	.. .. ..	£40
6th prize, No. 145,622,	.. .. ..	£30
7th prize, No. 160,021,	.. .. ..	£20
8th prize, No. 57,233,	.. .. ..	£10
9th prize, No. 1234,	.. .. ..	£10
10th prize, No. 115,666,	.. .. ..	£10
		£380

The holders of the tickets bearing the above numbers have the privilege of nominating the War Fund to which they wish the above amount to be sent, and they might kindly communicate with the General Manager before five o'clock on Monday, 8th October.

All those who claim their prizes will receive the Lord Provost's souvenir.

On account of ill-health, Mr James Wilson, chairman of Dumbarton Parish Council, has written resigning from that position, but the Council has asked him to remain in the chair for the next two years, and so complete his three years' term of office.

STEAMER DRIVEN ASHORE.

THREE MEN DROWNED; ELEVEN SAVED.

EXCITING RESCUE SCENES OFF ISLAY COAST.

Islay, Saturday.

During a gale on the West Coast, the Clyde Shipping Company's steam tug, the Flying Falcon, when off the west coast of Islay, shipped seas which extinguished the fires of the ship.

Three of the crew, when attempting to reach the shore in a boat, were drowned, and the anchor dropped. Afterwards the cable snapped, and the tug slowly drifted to the shore.

Intimation of the predicament of the vessel had been sent to the life-saving station in the vicinity, and, on their arrival, the life-saving apparatus was worked splendidly, the second shot going right over the tug, and enabling communication to be established with the shore.

Eleven Men Saved.

With the help of the crew of the apparatus, and many willing assistants, the eleven men on board were safely drawn through the raging surf. It was an exciting period, and there were many thrilling moments, as a human life hung as if by a hair's breadth. Especially to Mr A. M'Millan is great honour due, as he rendered incalculable help in venturing far into the stormy waters to work the lines of the apparatus. On the rescued men reaching the shore they were very kindly treated at the manse.

The Flying Falcon now lies quite undamaged on the sands. So far only one body has been recovered.

A "PREPOSTEROUS" CLAIM FOR DAMAGES.

£74 for Goods Valued at 45s.

Sheriff-Substitute Broun has delivered judgment in a case of considerable importance to merchants and shipping companies in Ayr Sheriff Court.

Pursuers were James Smith & Co., machinery merchants, 102 Salkeld Street, Glasgow, and they sued the Ayr Steam Shipping Company, Ltd., Ayr, for £457 6s 9d for damage done to goods in transit, and for goods which had gone amissing. Out of a total of over 60 tons of a cargo of kapok put aboard the defenders' ships at Larne, 2¾ tons or thereby was alleged to have been damaged, and about 3½ tons had gone amissing.

The Sheriff has assoilzied the defenders, and found the pursuers liable in expenses. In his note he says pursuers acknowledged that they paid £2 5s per ton to the Admiralty for the kapok, and they were claiming damages from the defenders for the portion to which the action applied at the rate of £74 13s 4d per ton. He thought the pursuers' claim for damages was nothing short of preposterous.

PINNED DOWN BY FALLING GIRDER.

Dysart Miner's Narrow Escape

East Wemyss, Saturday.

This afternoon, Thomas Greig, Dysart, had a narrow escape with his life in the Michael Pit. Along with two other men he was engaged in the work of repairing, when a heavy iron girder supporting the roof came away and pinned him to the ground. A large quantity of debris also came down in the fall, and the position was a dangerous one, as the roof was in a state of collapse. This had to be made secure and the debris removed before any attempt could be made to saw the girder and rescue the unfortunate man. Nearly three hours elapsed before Greig was released from his perilous position. Although badly bruised, he was not so seriously injured as might have been expected from the nature of the accident.

BATHGATE AND ITS COAL SUPPLY.

Bathgate, Saturday.

As a result of a conference between Bathgate Town Council and retail coal merchants, it was agreed to delay fixing prices under the Retail Coal Prices Order, 1917, until several points had been replied to by the Controller of Coal Mines.

A letter to the Controller was sent off today, and among the points reviewed were:—Bathgate was within ten or twelve miles of collieries producing household coal most suitable for the requirements of householders in Bathgate, and from which the bulk of the supplies for householders have hitherto been drawn. Further, the said coal could be supplied at a price or prices considerably below the prices prevailing in other areas. The present system of distribution, whereby Bathgate supplies now require to be drawn from collieries a considerably longer distance from the town than the collieries from which supplies were previously drawn, has operated to cut off this good supply and has necessarily increased the coal to the consumer.

DEATH OF DALKEITH MINISTER.

Dalkeith, Saturday.

The death is reported this morning of the Rev. James Fraser, of Buccleuch Street U.F. Church, Dalkeith. He has been in feeble health for some weeks, and was greatly concerned as to the state of two of his sons, Lieutenant Walter Fraser and Lieutenant Herbert Fraser, both of whom were reported wounded. Prior to coming to Dalkeith in 1877 Mr Fraser was for five years in West Calder.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

The popularity of Rev. Father M'Glinchey, now of Uddingston, was marked by a series of presentations at a crowded gathering at Croy.

Corporal James Rae, A. and S.H., well known as a Stirlingshire wrestler before the war, has been wounded for the fifth time.

The headmasters in the elementary schools of Dumbarton have petitioned the School Board to have their salaries put on scale.

For the second year in succession Mr Allan Hamilton, president of Kilmalcolm Bowling Club, has won the championship of the green.

Mr T. S. Drummond, organist, Hamilton, has been appointed supervisor of music under the Hamilton Burgh School Board at a salary of £200 per annum.

Four Rothesay householders were fined £1 each at the Sheriff Court for having failed to have the names and nationality of their visitors entered on registration forms.

The Standing Joint Committee of Clackmannan have agreed to increase the constabulary bonus to 7s per week, with an extra 6d per week for each child.

Lieutenant Albert Harvey, Royal Liverpool Regiment, has been awarded the D.S.O. He is a son of the late Mr John Gourlay Harvey, Rockfort, Helensburgh.

Thomas Scott (33), while working as a machineman in Allanton Colliery, Hamilton, was killed by a fall of stone from the roof. He resided in Orchard Street, Hamilton.

A strike is threatened of the miners employed at the Alloa Coal Co.'s Devon Colliery, Clackmannanshire. A stoppage of work at the pit will throw upwards of 250 men idle.

Private John Rose, Cameron Highlanders, has won the Military Medal. He was formerly employed as a motorman with the Greenock and Port-Glasgow Tramways Company.

Yesterday afternoon a flag day was held in the Vale of Leven and Renton districts in aid of the Lifeboat Fund, under the direction of Parish Councillor J. B. Wright. The sum realised was £33 8s 4d.

At a meeting of Bonnybridge Co-Operative Society, Mr William M'Gruther, manager and secretary, tendered his resignation, he having been appointed manager of Methill Co-Operative Society.

WELL-KNOWN TENNIS PLAYER.

Second-Lieutenant Douglas L. Martin Henry, of the Gordon Highlanders, who has been killed in action. A banker by profession, he was a well-known tennis player in Aberdeen.

Wintry weather has set in early in the Central Highlands. Yesterday morning two degrees of frost were recorded in Atholl, while the Grampians were coated with snow well down to the valleys.

One of the best-known Greenock engineers in China has passed away in Mr Robert Agnew. For fully a quarter of a century Mr Agnew had traded in the East. He held a position under the Chinese Government.

Mr William M'Gruther, Bonnybridge Co-Operative Society, has been appointed managing secretary of Methil Co-Operative Society, out of a list of 62 applicants. The salary attached to the post is £260 per annum.

It is now officially reported that Private John Scott, Cameron Highlanders, who resided in Caldercruix, was accidentally drowned in France. He was only 19½ years of age, and had been over two years on active service.

Lance-Corporal Walter Towers, D.C.M., attached to a signalling corps of Royal Engineers, has been awarded the Military Medal. He is a son of Mr John Towers, Willowbank, Bishopbriggs, and late of Bonnybridge.

It was reported at a largely attended meeting of colliery smiths, held in Hamilton yesterday, that the demand of the men for an increase of 2s per day had been refused. The claim is to be pressed before the Coal Controller in London.

Gunner Alex. White, R.F.A., who was proprietor of the Empire Bar, Methil, has been killed in action. He was well-known in Fife sporting circles, having acted as jockey to his uncle, the late Mr James Campbell, White Swan Hotel, Denbeath.

STOOD ON LIVE BOMB.

AIRDRIE SERGEANT'S HEROIC ACTION.

RECOMMENDED FOR HIGH HONOUR.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Airdrie, Saturday.

Details have reached Mrs Carmichael, Greenwood Terrace, Glenmavis, by Airdrie, of a heroic action performed at the front by her son, Sergeant John Carmichael, North Staffordshire Regiment. He has been recommended for a high military decoration, and it is reported that this may eventually prove to be the V.C.

Writing to Mrs Carmichael, the regimental chaplain states:—

"I am writing for your son to tell you that he has been wounded in both legs, we hope only slightly, also very slightly in the left arm. He is going on well. He was wounded by a bomb which got lodged in the trench, and he, noticing it was about to explode, placed his steel helmet over it, and then most pluckily stood upon the helmet, thus saving any casualties among his men. Needless to say, we are all very proud of him, and I know you will be, too, because he thought of his men's safety before his own. He has been recommended for his gallantry, and we all hope he will be well rewarded, and will soon be quite fit again."

The colonel commanding the North Staffs. Pioneers has also written to Sergeant Carmichael's mother a letter in which he says:—

"I am very sorry to tell you that your son was wounded yesterday (8th September). He did a very brave deed, and you may well be proud to have such a son. He saw a bomb fall into the trench where his men were working, and he knew that it would explode, so he rushed up and put his steel helmet on it, and stood on his helmet. The bomb exploded and blew him out of the trench. He has broken his right ankle and has a bone broken in his left leg, and his right arm has a slight wound, but he is quite cheery and bright in hospital, and seems comfortable. By his brave action he has prevented anyone else being hurt. Men like him have made the British Empire what it is, and you must be a proud mother to have such a son."

Sergeant Carmichael joined the L.D.R.E. (T.) at Coatdyke two years ago, and was afterwards transferred to his present English regiment. He is twenty-four years of age, and was previously employed as a sett-maker in More's quarries, New Monkland.

DUMBARTON SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE.

GIRL STEALS BICYCLE AND REPORTS IT LOST.

Dumbarton, Saturday.

In the police court yesterday an interesting story was told of how a girl stole a bicycle, had it taken from her without her knowledge by the brother of the owner, and then had the hardihood to go to the police office and report that she had lost it.

The girl was Agnes Porter (16), a munition worker from Dalmuir, who was brought before Bailie Gilfillan, charged with having on 10th September, from Dumbarton Academy grounds, stolen a lady's cycle.

The brother of the girl who owned the cycle saw the accused riding past on it, and at once followed her up. The accused dismounted at a close in Station Street, put the cycle there, and went up into a house. Then the boy verified that the cycle was his sister's, and immediately took it and rode off home. Following that, the parents reported the cycle found, and just about the same time the girl came into the police office and reported that she had lost it.

Pleading guilty to the charge, the accused was put on probation for three months.

A CREETOWN NURSE KILLED.

Newton Stewart, Saturday Night.

Mr and Mrs Robert Thomson, St John Street, Creetown, have just received official intimation that their daughter, Nurse Bessie Thomson, has been killed in France by enemy air craft. Nurse Thomson was a member of the Kirkmabreck V.A.D., and was for some time in Oldmill Hospital, Aberdeen. She volunteered for service in France, and was sent there a few months ago. The news of her untimely end has caused the deepest sorrow in the district, where she was exceedingly popular. She has a sister at present doing hospital work in Midlothian.

COUNTESS AS SHOPKEEPER

Alloa, Saturday.

A feature of the Y.M.C.A. Flag Day at Alloa to-day was the selling of fruit, flowers, and vegetables in a shop in High Street on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. funds. The selling was under the personal supervision of the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Y.M.C.A. Lady President of the district, and assistants, and the shop was well patronised in the course of the day.

WHY NOT?

Oh Blighty is a pleasant isle,
Round which the sea lays wavy;
Which no invader can despoil,
Thanks to our gallant Navy.
But now and then we hear the bombs,
And "hook it" in a "nightie."
When some marauding Gotha comes
And puts a blight on Blighty.

Then while in cellar cool we wait
To dodge the flying missles,
We breathe, deep down, a hymn of hate,
And yearn for stern reprisals.
Our gallant airmen know the route,
Why then may they not fly, sir,
To Berlin and Potsdam and put
The "Kibosh" on the Kaiser?

Edinburgh. CHAS. NESS.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

The past week has been eventful in many ways, but will generally be known as National War Bond week.

The issue is going very well indeed, but the effect upon the Stock markets so far has been remarkably slight.

Another supporting factor is the latest brilliant British offensive.

In fact, the markets are in rare good humour, and are straining at the leash, despite the counter-attractions of the new War Bonds.

Even the gilt-edged sections are maintaining a firm tone, while, as has been repeatedly pointed out here, the speculative markets are a law unto themselves.

Cheapness of the Five Per Cent. War Loan.

One of the cheapest of the absolutely gilt-edged class of securities now available is the Five Per Cent. War Loan, in view of the fact that the stock will be quoted ex a half-year's dividend on the 20th inst.

This will bring the price down to about 92 ex div. on which basis the yield works out at about £5 7-16 per cent. per annum, of course subject to income tax.

To look at the matter in another way, a rise in the Five Per Cent. War Loan must actually help the sales of the new National War Bonds, in view of the conversion privileges carried by the latter.

The Trunk Dividend Blow.

One of the few adverse features of the week has been the nasty blow administered to Grand Trunks by their bad dividend statement, which was even worse than had been anticipated, owing to the abnormal rise in working expenditure, which has swallowed up the whole of the gross traffic increases and a good deal more besides.

Under these circumstances it is difficult to see how the Canadian Railway Commission can refuse to grant this company, and, of course, the other railway companies, a moderate increase in rates as compensation for the abnormally high expenditure.

Presuming that this expectation will be fulfilled, the Grand Trunk Four Per Cent. Guaranteed Stock, at the present much reduced quotation of 52, is worth attention as a long shot.

Rubber Market Getting Groggy.

All the indications go to show that the Rubber Share market is getting groggy, although there is still no lack of buyers on reactions.

The fact of the matter is that the Excess Profits Duty exactions, which are resulting in substantial dividend reductions, are getting on the nerves of the market.

In the meantime it is noteworthy that in many cases working costs of the companies are still at a high level, the all-in cost of the Mount Austin (Johore) Company, for instance, being over 1s 4d per pound for the past year.

Various Features in Oils.

There has been a good deal of irregularity in the Oil market, and some selling of the leading shares has been noticed, for the purpose of reinvestment in the National War Bonds.

Some good features, however, have not been wanting, and the rise in Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields to over 25s must be due to some coming development of an important character, apart from the weekly returns.

The Kern River meeting has passed off well, and the prospect of an interim dividend payment has resulted in a renewed demand for the shares, which have strengthened to nearly 10s.

The Mining Market.

With the exception of Silver and Silver Mines, the Mining markets are very strong on Haig's crushing victory in Flanders, and on the prospect of British air raids over German towns.

Kaffirs are mostly better, especially Goldfields and the Modder Group, and considerable business is being done.

In Rhodesians, Chartered shares, after a short relapse are firm again, and Tanks are particularly strong, also Goldfields Development.

THE WOMAN WHO RULES THE KAISER.

An Amazing New Series of Disclosures. Everybody will want to read about this remarkable woman.

How She Ensnared the Kaiser.
Her Revenge on the Empress.
The Luring of King Tino.
Secret Designs on Britain.
The Theft of the Hapsburg Pearl.

The first article appears in the

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL of October 13.

ORDER YOURS NOW

ADVENTURES OF GLASGOW AIRMAN IN FRANCE.

TAM O' THE SCOUTS

LIFE WITH THE FLYING MEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By EDGAR WALLACE, The Famous War Correspondent, Author of "THE JOCKS AT THE FRONT."

IN this exclusive Series Mr Wallace describes a real character — a Glasgow mechanic — who becomes an R.F.C. pilot. Tam, with his humour, with his trick of describing his adventures in the picturesque language of adventure which he has culled from "exciting novels," with his fearlessness, his gaiety, and his ready adaptation of the corps code of chivalry, is a type with which the reader is not unacquainted.

ON the earth rain was falling from grey and gloomy clouds. Above those clouds the sun shone down from a blue sky upon a billowing mass that bore a resemblance to the uneven surface of a limitless plain of lather. High, but not too high above cloud level, a big white Albatross circled serenely, its long, untidy wireless aerial dangling.

The man in the machine, with receivers to his ears, listened intently for the faint "H. D.," which was his official number. Messages he caught, mostly in English, for he was above the British lines.

"Nine-four-nine-four-nine-four," called somebody insistently.

That was a "spotter" signalling a correction of range, then—"Stop where you are—K.L.B.Q. Bad light—Signal to X.O. 73 last shot—Repeat your signal—No—Bad light—Sorry bad light—Stay where you are—Stay where you are——"

He guessed some, could not follow others. The letter-groups were, of course, code messages, indicating the distance shells were bursting from their targets. The apologies were easily explained, for the light was very bad indeed.

"Tam—Muller—above—cl——"

The man in the machine tried the lock of his gun and began to get interested.

TAM AND MULLER MEET IN THE CLOUDS.

Now his eyes were fixed upon the rolling, iridescent mass below. From what point would the fighting machine emerge? He climbed up a little higher to be on the safe side. Then from a valley of mist half a mile away a tiny machine shot up shining like burnished silver in the rays of the afternoon sun, for Tam had driven up in a drizzle of rain, and wings and fusillage were soaking wet.

The watcher above rushed to the attack. He was perhaps a thousand yards above his enemy, and had certain advantages, a fact which Tam realised. He ceased to climb, flattened, and went skimming along the top of the cloud, darting here and there with seeming aimlessness. His pursuer rapidly reviewed the situation.

To dive down upon his prey would mean that in the event of missing his erratic moving foe the attacked would plunge into the cloud fog, and be at a disadvantage. At the same time he would risk it.

Suddenly up went his tail, but Tam had vanished in the mist, for as he saw the tail go up he had followed suit, and nothing in the world dives like a B.I.6.

No sooner was he out of sight of his attacker than he brought the nose of the machine up again and began a lightning climb to sunshine. He was the first to reach "open country," and looked round for Muller.

That redoubtable fighter reappeared in front and below him, and Tam dived for him, shooting through his tractors. Muller's nose went down, and back to his hiding-place he dived. Tam corrected his level and swooped upward again. There was no sign of Captain Muller. Tam cruised up and down searching the cloud for his enemy.

He was doing three things at once. He was looking, he was fitting another drum to his gun, and he was controlling the flight of his machine, when "chk-chk-chk" said the wireless, and Tam listened, screwing his face into a grimace, signifying at once the difficulty of hearing and his apprehension that he might lose a word of what was to follow.

"L.Q., L.Q.," said the receiver.

"Noo," said Tam, in perplexity, "is 'L.Q.' meanin' that I ocht tae rin for ma life, or is it 'continue the guid wark' ?"

Arguing that his work was invisible from the earth and that a more urgent interpretation was to be put upon the message, he turned westward and dived; not, however, before he had seen over his shoulder a dozen enemy machines come flashing up from the clouds.

"Hard cheese!" said Tam. "A' the auld cats aboot an' the wee mousy's awa'!"

He had intended going home, but a new and a bright thought struck him. He turned his machine and pushed straight through the cloud the way he had come. He knew they had seen him disappearing, and, airmen like, they would remain awhile to bask in the sunlight and "dry off."

As a general rule Tam hated clouds. You could not tell whether you were flying right side up or upside down, and he had always a curious sense of nervousness that he would collide with something. Yet for once he drove through the swirling "smoke" with a sense of joyous anticipation, and presently began to rise gently, keeping his eyes aloft to detect the first thinning of the fog. Presently he saw the sunlight reflected on the upper stratas, and began to climb steeply. His machine ripped out into the sun, a fierce, roaring little fury.

TAM IS BUSY WITH HIS MACHINE GUN.

Not a hundred yards away was a fighting machine.

"Ticka—ticka—ticka—ticka—tick!" said Tam's machine gun.

Tam's staring blue eyes were on the sights he could not miss. The pilot went limp in his seat, the observer took his hand from his gun to grip the controls—too late—the wide winged fighter skidded like a motor 'bus on a greasy road, and fell into the clouds sideways. But now the enemy was coming at him from all points of the compass.

"Dinna let this partin' grieve ye!" sang Tam, and dropped straight through the clouds into the rain and a dim view of a bedraggled earth.

"There's Burley," said Blackie, clad in a long oilskin and a sou'-wester as he checked the home-coming adventurers; "do you ever notice how his machine always looks lop-sided? There's Galbraith and Mosen—who's that fellow on the Morane? Oh, yes, that's Parker Smith. H'm!"

"What's wrong?"

"Where's Tam—I hope those beggars didn't catch him; there he is, the devil!"

Tam was doing stunts. He was side-slipping, nose diving, and looping—he was, in fine, setting up all those stresses which a machine under extraordinary circumstances might be called upon to endure.

"He always does that with a new machine, sir," said Captain Blackie's companion. "I've never understood why, because if he found a weak place, he'd be too dead for the information to be of any service to him."

Later when Tam condescended to bring himself to earth Blackie asked him—

"Why do you do fool stunts, Tam—the place to test the machine is on the ground?"

"Ye're wrang, sir," said Tam quietly, "the ground's a fine place to test a pram or a motor car or a pair o' boots—but it's no' the place to test an aeroplane. The aeroplane an' the submarine maun be tried in their native elements."

"But suppose you did succeed in breaking something—and you went to glory?"

"Aye," said Tam quietly, "an' suppose I'm goin' up wi' matchless courage to save ma freens frae the ravishin' Hun an' ma machine plays hockey? Would it no' be worse for a' concerned than if I smash up by mysel'?"

"Did you see Muller?"

"In the clouds. I left him holdin' a committee meetin', Captain Mac Muller in the chair."

"'Resolved,' says the chairman, 'that this meetin' duly an' truly assembled passes a hairty vote o' thanks to Tam o' the Scouts, the Mageecian o' the Air, for the grand fecht he made against a superior enemy'—carried.

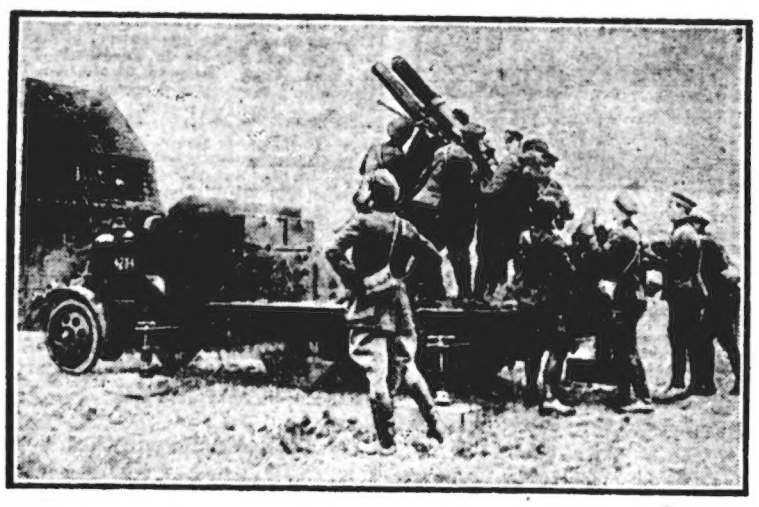
"'Resolved,' says the chairman, 'that we'll no' tak' ony mair risk, but confine our attentions to strafin' spotters——'

"Carried wi' acclamation. The meetin' then adjourned to inquire after machine number '6—8—4—6' strafed in the execution o' ma duty."

It seemed almost as though Tam's words were prophetic, for the next day Smyth and Curzon were attacked whilst "spotting" for the "heavies," and fell in flames in "No Man's Land." They got Smyth in during the night, and rushed him back to a base hospital, but Curzon was dead before the machine reached the ground.

The same morning Tam read in the German official:—

> "In the course of the day Captain Muller shot down his thirtieth enemy aeroplane, which fell before the English lines."



Fighting enemy aircraft on the western front. Anti-aircraft guns in action. (Official photograph issued by Press Bureau.)

"It wasna the English lines, but the Argyll an' Sutherland Highlanders' lines," complained Tam. "Thirty machines yon Muller has strafed? Well, well!"

Another Exciting Encounter.

He went to his room very thoughtful, and the day following being an "off" day, he spent it between the machine shop and the hangar where the B.I. 6 reposed. It must never be forgotten that Tam was a born mechanician. To him the machine had a body, a soul, a voice, and a temperament.

Noises which engines made had a peculiar significance to Tam. He could not only tell you how they were behaving, but how they would be likely to behave after two hours' running. He knew all the symptoms of their mysterious diseases, and he was versed in their dietary. He "fed" his own engines, explored his own tanks, greased and cleaned with his own hands every delicate part of the frail machinery.

There was neither strut nor stay, bolt nor screw, that he did not know or had not studied, tested, or replaced. He cleaned his own gun and examined, leather duster in hand, every round of ammunition he took up. He left little to chance, and never went out to attack, but had a "plan—an alternative plan—an' an open mind."

And now since Muller must be settled with, Tam was more than careful.

The difficulty about aeroplanes is that they look very much like one another. Tam fought (indecisively) three big white Albatross machines before a Fokker hawk darted down from the shelter of a cloud wraith, and revealed itself as the temporary preoccupation of Captain Muller.

The encounter may be told in Tam's own words.

"In the ruthless pursuit o' his duty Tam was patrollin' at a height o' twelve thousand feet, his mind filled wi' beautiful thochts aboot pay day, when a cauld shiver passes doon the dauntless spine o' the wee hero. 'Tis a premonition or warnin' o' peril. He looks up an' doon, absent-mindedly fingerin' the mechanism o' his silver-plated Lewis gun. There was naething in sight, naething to spoil the glories o' the mornin'. 'Can I be mistaken?' asks Tam. 'No! A thoosand times no!' an' wi' thae fatefu' words he began his perilous climb. Mercifu' heavens! What's yon? 'Tis the mad Muller! Swift as the eagle fallin' upon his prey fa's the heed o' the Clan MacMuller, a licht o' joy in his e'e, his bullets twangin' like harpstrings! But Tam the Tempest isna bothered. Calm an' a'most majestic he leaps gaily tae the fray—an' here I am!"

"But, Tam," protested Galbraith, "that's a rotten story. What happened after the leap—did you get up to him?"

"I didna leap up," said Tam gravely. "I leapt doon. It wasna the time tae fecht—it was the time to fly—an' I'm a flyin' man."

That he would deliberately shrink an issue with his enemy was unthinkable, and yet he rather avoided than sought Muller after this encounter.

ANOTHER EXCITING ENCOUNTER.

One afternoon he came to Galbraith's quarters. Galbraith was very rich and young and a great sportsman.

"Can I hae a word wi' ye?" asked Tam mysteriously.

"Surely," said the boy. "Come in—you want a cigar, Tam?" he accused.

"Get awa' behind me, Satan," said Tam piously. "I've gien up cadgin' cigars, an' I beg ye no' to tempt a puir weak body. Just put the box doon whaur I can reach it, an' mebbe I'll help mysel' absent-mindedly. I cam'—man, this is a bonnie smoke! Ye must pay an awfu' lot for these. Twa shillin's apiece! Ech! It's sinfu', wi' sae mony puir souls in need—I'll tak' a few wi' me when I go to distribute to the sufferin' mechanics. No, it's no' for cigars I'm beggin'—hae ye an auld suit o' claes ye'll no' be wantin' back again?"

"A suit? Good Lord, yes, Tam," said Galbraith, jumping down from the table on which he was seated. "Do you want it for yourself?"

"Weel," replied Tam cautiously, "I do, an' I don't. It's for ma friend Fitzroy M'Ginty, the celebrated MacMuller murderer."

Galbraith looked at him with laughter in his eyes.

"Fitzroy M'Ginty?" he repeated. "And who the devil is Fitzroy M'Ginty?"

Tam cleared his throat.

"Ma friend Fitzroy M'Ginty is like Tam an ornament o' the Royal Flyin' Corps. Our hero was born in affluent circumstances, his faither bein' the lord o' Maclacity, his mither a Fitzroy o' Sussex. Fitz M'Ginty lived in a graun' castle, wi' thoosands o' servants to wait on him, an' he ate his parridge wi' a diamond spune. A' seemed rosy for the wee boy, but one day, accused o' the murder o' the butler an' the burglary o' his brither's troosers, he ran frae hame, crossin' to America, whaur he found employment wi' a rancher as cowboy. Whilst there his adventurous spirit brocht him into contack wi' Alkili Pete, the road agent—ye ken the chap that hauds up the Deadville stage?"

"Oh, I ken him all right," said the patient Galbraith. "But, honestly, Tam—Who is your friend?"

"Ma frien' Angus M'G... Tam.

"You said Fitzroy M'G...

"Oh, ay," said Tam ha... ane o' his assumed names."

"You're a humbug. But... Is that of use?"

"Ay."

Tam gathered the garments... and took a solemn farewell.

"Ye'll be meetin' Rabbie ... Angus, Mr Galbraith, but I'd no... ye'd no' mention to him that he's ... yer claes."

And he went to a distant ... the rest of the day, with the ... mechanic he was busy creating the ... recruit to the Royal Flying ... was thorough and inventive. He must ... only stuff the old suit with ... and straw, but he must unstuff it again ... that he might thread a coil of pliable ... to give the figure the necessary stiffness.

"Ye maun hae a backbone ... an observer, ma mannie," said Tam, ... noo for yer bonnie face. Hurry ... pass me the plaster o' Paris, an' I'll ... an imitation of Michael Angelow, ... celebrated face-maker."

His work was interluded with comments on men and affairs; the very nature of the task brought into play that sense of humour and that stimulation of fancy to which he responded with such readiness.

"I doot whether I'll gie ye a moustache," said Tam, surveying his handiwork; "it's no' necessary to a flyin' man, but it's a temptin' to an artist."

He scratched his head thoughtfully.

"You should be mair tanned, Angus," he said, and took up the varnish brush.

At last the great work was finished. The dummy was life-like, even outside of the setting which Tam had planned. From a cap (fastened to the plaster head by ... and seccotine) to the gloved hands, the figure was all that an officer of the R... might be, supposing he was pigeon-toed and had a limp of leg.

THE FATE OF MULLER.

The next morning Tam called on Bl... in his office, and asked to be allowed to ... certain liberties with his machine, a per... sion which, when it was explained, was readily granted. He went up in the ... noon, and headed straight for the ... lines. He was flying at a conside... height, and Captain Muller, who had ... on a joy ride to another sector of the ... and had descended to his aerodrome, was informed that a very high-flying spotter, treating archie fire with contempt, and moreover, dropped random bombs which ... the greatest luck in the world had ... up a munition reserve.

"I'll go up and scare him off," said Captain Muller. He focussed a telescope ... the tiny spotter.

"It looks more like a fast scout than a spotter," he said, "yet there are obviously two men in her."

He went up in a steep climb, his powerful engines roaring savagely. It took longer to reach his altitude than he had anticipated. He was still below the ... spotter when its straw-stuffed observer ... Tam dived for him.

All that the nursing of a highly trained mechanic could give to an engine, all of precision that a cold blue eye and a steady hand could lend to a machine gun, all that an unfearing heart could throw into that ... wild, superlative fling, Tam gave. The engine pulled to its last ounce, the wings ... the stays held to the ultimate stress.

"Tam!" said Muller to himself, and smiled, for he knew that death had come.

He fired upward and banked over, and he waved his hand in blind salute, though he had a bullet in his heart and was ... with the nothingness about him.

Tam swung round and stared down. Muller's machine fell. He saw it strike earth, crumple, and smoke.

"Almighty God," said the lips of Tam, "look after that ane! He was a bonnie fechter an' had a brave heart, an' he richt weel I had nae malice again him. Amen!"

NEXT WEEK.

How Tam "strafed" Herr Heinz, one of Krupp's best designers, an exploit in which Tam displayed great daring and ingenuity.

A WARTIME BEAUTY HINT.

The War has made many sacrifices necessary—comfort, leisure, pleasure and many other things.

Many ladies who are doing war work are anxious about their complexion being sacrificed too, by reason of the rough and hard work, exposure, and bad atmosphere endured in the shop or factory.

This need cause no anxiety, for, if proper care and attention be given to it, the skin can withstand the extreme conditions referred to. The secret is to keep the skin thoroughly clean.

Soap and water cleanse the surface, but are powerless to cleanse the pores—the breathing organs of the skin—OATINE alone will do this, it removes ingrained dirt and grime from the pores and makes them clean and healthy, so that hard work and bad air or extremes of temperature need not be feared. It keeps the hands soft and velvety.

OATINE is used by Munition Workers everywhere. Get a jar to-day, 1, 1½ and 2/3, of all Chemists, Stores and many Drapers.

At Pre-War Prices, From 10/6.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Of Stationers and Jewellers. Catalogue Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

EPRISALS—BUT WHEN?

LET US HIT BACK AT ONCE—AND HIT HARD!

WHO IS HINDERING OUR AIRMEN FROM BOMBING GERMAN TOWNS?

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

(EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

Who is hindering air reprisals upon German towns? This question is asked in every city and town in Great Britain to-day.

What has public opinion become at present? Defencelessness in constant reprisals upon London and its neighbourhood that at last the War Cabinet is beginning to bestir itself. Certainly it is high time that measures of retaliation were adopted.

Mr. Lloyd George has just given us a definite promise that the war shall be carried into Germany, and German towns shall be bombed. That is satisfactory, so far as it goes. But when? "As soon as we have the machines," the Premier assures us. We have waited for those machines ever since January, 1915, when the first Zeppelin raid upon us.

How Much Longer Are We to Wait?

Who Is Hindering Reprisals?

The invincible and powerful influence is at work is proved by the fact that the fine British machines of the Royal Naval Air Service are now being used in little raids on German towns instead of carrying bombs to Berlin, as they can so easily do. Every officer in the naval service is eager and ready to carry out reprisals when word is given. But that order is never given, and our failure to strike back has already seriously lowered our prestige in the United States, as well as in all neutral countries.

Amazing Secret Document.

Strangely enough I have upon my table as I write a confidential report made by one of the highest experts of our air service, and one of the pioneers of British aviation. This is to be brought before the House of Commons when it reassembles, but it is labelled "secret," and I am not, therefore, entitled to make any quotations. I can, however, only assure readers of "The Post Sunday Special" that, if they could peruse it they would be greatly amazed. They would, however, learn it all in due course.

The British aviator is the finest in the world is without question. We have an illustration of this in the fact that the control of the defence of Paris was entrusted to a Briton with the result that the German Staff gave that capital a very wide berth. Its motto for "darkness and composure," and there defence are, however, now over. Nothing would prevent these daily raids we suffer at the Hun in his home. We have too long rubbed our eyes and asked each other "Who are those hornets?" which were protecting and would defend us, and now our gallant airmen at the front are seriously protesting that while they have left their wives and children at home, no protection is afforded them from bombs from the sky. On all sides we hear the cry "Bomb the Rhine towns!" The naval air service is ready to do it. Therefore, who is preventing it?

Apart from pacifists, from the pious outpourings of prelates, or the tangle of red tape, our aviators have promptly bombed Stuttgart, Coblenz, and Frankfort-on-Main as reprisals for air attacks on Dunkirk and Bar-le-Duc, that delightful little town where one ate preserved strawberries in June.

The truth is that, after three years of war, the British public are no longer in any mood to be befooled. They know that our Naval Air Service possess machines equal, if not better, than the Gotha, and that they would at once drop tons of bombs on Cologne, Essen, Ludwigshafen, and Düsseldorf if they were only allowed.

It is true that hairy "dug-outs" with red tabs around their caps meander through the dark corridors of the Air Board at the War Office, but they are merely the necessary ornaments of a Government Department, and it is not due to them that Germany is not bombed. Our failure to give reprisals is the result of his own methods is due to some other and far more secret cause.

Order that Never Comes!

Is aerial warfare such a new thing that the Government need to excuse our unreadiness?

Our machines are ready.

Our men are ready.

We only await daily the order which never comes.

Is it any wonder then that certain American editors are to-day declaring that in the war Great Britain is only fourth? That is, however, not the rotten opinion Americans are beginning to have of a thousand silk-stockinged young men, who is true, busy tapping typewriters in the Air Board, superintended by a few "dug-outs," yet of all the officers who man our air stations—to use their things—there is not one who would not make a "flip" to the Rhine, whether he returns or not. But, they are never prevented by some higher authority.

Who is this authority? Have we not an object lesson that we should follow? "Love thy brother." German; the same in the bold advertisement widely published on August 5, 1914, extracts of which I here give in order to refresh the readers' minds—

> **ENGLISHMEN, DO YOUR DUTY**
>
> **WHY SHOULD WE GO TO WAR?**
>
> **THE WAR PARTY**
>
> say we must maintain the Balance of Power, because if Germany were to annex Holland or Belgium she would be so powerful as to threaten us; or because we are bound by Treaty to fight for neutrality of Belgium, or because we are bound by our agreements with France to fight for her.
>
> All these reasons are false.
>
> **THE WAR PARTY DOES NOT TELL THE TRUTH.**
>
> **The FACTS are these:—**
>
> **1. If we took sides with Russia and France the Balance of Power would be upset as it has never been before. It would make the military Russian Empire of 160,000,000 the dominant power of Europe.**
>
> **2. WE ARE NOT BOUND TO JOIN IN A GENERAL EUROPEAN WAR TO DEFEND THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM. Our treaties expressly stipulate that our obligations under them SHALL NOT COMPEL US TO TAKE PART IN A GENERAL EUROPEAN WAR in order to fulfil them. And if we are to fight for the neutrality of Belgium, we must be prepared to fight France as well as Germany.**

And so on! Surely in this even the dullest scholar must have seen the finger-prints of the Hidden Hand outstretched from Berlin. And just as plain as this attempt to bamboozle the British public is the mock-pious hesitation to bombard German towns to-day.

The maxim of turning of the other cheek to one's enemy is the religion of the Victorian era. It went out with the crinoline and its successor, the feminine "bustle." We live in days of national peril, where one must give a blow for a blow, and two bombs for one. If Britain is to survive this world's upheaval, then her rulers must march with the times.

The Man in the Street, whether he lives in the invaded area of London or in any other spot in Great Britain, desires the fine British air service to be allowed to justify its existence. He wants the great British Empire, in which he still places his trust, to drop bombs in German towns, just as the Gothas have dropped bombs among his own defenceless women and children.

Everywhere I hear the outspoken expression, "What's the good of all the talk in the House of Commons? What's the good of us at all, if we can't give the Hun as good as he sends—and a bit more?"

It is a homely argument, and very true. If British cities are to be freed of air raids both by day and by night, then we must make retaliatory raids in Hunland. The French have long been alive to this fact, and have, by their smartness, prevented Paris from being bombarded from the air.

There is no "turn the other cheek," or "darkness and composure" propaganda in France. Why? Because the French are out to win. They try spies—and shoot them. They have no Donnington Hall, with all its delights, for they treat every German as an enemy. The enemy alien at large is unknown to-day in France.

They have not allowed four thousand odd of such gentry to roam about their prohibited areas, nor do they allow a "Count" de Borch to pursue his profession of spy under the official eye of their own efficient police system.

That Wicked Tentacle.

There is still a strong and subtle influence at work in our midst with the object of hurling us to disaster. The object of these repeated German attacks upon the densely populated districts of London is quite plain. With the aid of the pacifist propaganda, that wicked tentacle of the German octupus which our inert authorities allow in our midst, Berlin hopes to commit such "frightfulness" that Britons will shriek "Stop the War!" Thus, by our hesitation to take reprisals, we are daily playing into the enemy's hands, and pottering with the destinies of the Empire.

We have, in the present situation, the same unseen but all-powerful pro-German influence which both Britain and Russia have experienced constantly since the war; that influence which kept open the doors of the Deutsche Bank in London, while the same bank in New York was paying £300,000 to a French "Pasha," now charged with espionage.

It is certainly good news that the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service are to be amalgamated under one head and one direction. This is as it should be. The unseen influence has been able to work in secret because there has been no sole director of operations, and responsibility has been shifted so easily until the two services are continually straining one against the other.

How the Germans Got the Gotha Plans.

Who will deny that early last January we built a super-biplane and sent it out to France in charge of a naval pilot who, by accident, landed in a Hun aerodrome? With delight the Huns announced its capture, and published its photograph in their illustrated papers. Who will deny that this very machine furnished the Huns with plans for their much-vaunted Gotha?

If what Mr Lloyd George tells us is true—and I can only think he is misinformed—that our machines are lacking to bomb Germany, then on the face of it I assert, heedless of apologists or hot-airmen in high places, that the Huns, having constructed a large fleet of these machines, have outbuilt us.

The Prime Minister has given us, after all, but poor consolation by his statement that we shall bomb Germany "so soon as we have the machines." Let the two services be united at once under one head, who shall be responsible to the nation. The hidden influence which, up to the present, has worked in favour of the Hun, would then be powerless.

Let us have no more feeble excuses.

Let us hit back at once.

And hit hard, too!

Our women and children have spent many sleepless and weary nights of terror. Many of them, alas! lie in their graves, shattered out of all recognition. The rules of war have been violated, and as punishment we must send upon German towns a visitation of Death.

If we wait until such time as officialdom admits that "we have the machines,"—then it will certainly be too late.

"GIVE US PEACE AT ANY PRICE."

CRY OF THE HAMBURG PEOPLE.

(Specially Contributed.)

GERMANY is vainly trying to uphold the war-will of her people by terrible pictures of the slavery which defeat would bring. Micawber-like, she is always expecting something to turn up in the way of an "honourable peace."

Sinking Germany is clutching at her last straw—the Seventh War Loan—and terrifying her people into bringing their money. For example, the Hamburger Fremdenblatt says:—There are people among us who say "Give us peace. Make an end to the absence and danger of our loved ones, an end to the anguish which is new every morning when we wake. Give us peace at any price if we cannot get a victorious peace." Yet those people who cry out thus do not realise the price we would be called upon to pay.

Our foreign trade would be absolutely ruined, but that is not the worst. We should be despised for a hundred years by the whole of humanity. We should be the vanquished ones. Think of it—Germans hunted everywhere like thieves, looked down upon by the lowest people on the earth. Niggers and Portuguese will all join in the general chorus of hate—"Down with him, he is a Hun, a liar without honour." The German will become the slave, the labourer of Europe, the waiter in strange countries, and receive a contemptuous kick as reward! And yet there are many who want peace at any cost!

Glorious to Conquer.

We must fight on whether we wish or not. Think how beautiful were our victories in 1815; how rich our cornfields, new houses everywhere, our coffers filled themselves again as if by magic. And then our victory in 1870-71—how great and wonderful! It brought us back a part of Germany—Alsace Lorraine—it built thousands of streets and railways, tens of thousands of manufactories.

And let me tell you, if we are victorious this time it will bring us much more. We who have been oppressed and crushed into our overcrowded towns and our small colonies will become mighty, and lead other nations as they have led us; and we believe that we can lead them better than they us. Truly it would be glorious to conquer.

And what is required in order to be victorious? We have millions of brave men who will not retreat although they die, and we have the weapon of which Hindenburg and Ludendorf and Admiral Scheer have said—"Our U boats will do it." There is no one surely who would call them fools and liars. So hold out! It will not be for long now, for victory is in sight, and with it peace and joy.

Handicapping the War Loan.

"The great shortage of paper in Germany which in pre-war days ranked as one of the first paper producing countries in the world, is severely handicapping advertisements for the Seventh War Loan," complains the Berliner Tagblatt.

THE GREAT VICTORY OF BROODSEINDE.

HAIG'S STAGGERING BLOW—A DECISIVE BATTLE.

By GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

London, Saturday Night.

THERE is no doubt that we have won a great victory at Broodseinde, a greater victory probably than we are able even now wholly to appreciate.

Breathing through all the messages which come from the front, there is a suggestion that the struggle which took place last Thursday on the ridges to the east of Ypres marked one of the decisive phases of the whole campaign.

Some writers have even gone to the length of comparing the consequences of our victory with the consequences which followed from the battle of the Marne. This is probably an exaggeration, but it was a long time before the full significance even of the battle of the Marne came to be understood by the public at home.

The circumstances in which the battle of Broodseinde was fought were remarkable. Less than weeks elapsed since Sir Douglas Haig's last blow, which gave us possession of Zonnebeke and the entire Polygon Wood.

After this great effort the Germans never imagined that Sir Douglas Haig would be able to strike again so swiftly as he did. Their calculation was that it would take him another two days at least before he would be in readiness to launch a fresh offensive.

But they knew a new blow was being prepared, and they laid their plans to anticipate it by a couple of days, and to win back if possible the ground they lost at Polygon Wood. How all their arrangements were brought to nought is now known to everyone. Instead of anticipating our offensive by two days, we anticipated their offensive by exactly two hours, with results which it is no exaggeration to describe as disastrous to the German Army.

The enemy had made immense preparations for the attack. No fewer than five new divisions had been brought up. One of the number appears to have been called back direct from Riga, which affords a significant indication of the extremities to which Von Hindenburg is driven in his desperate effort to close up the gap which we are making in his Western defensive system. Of the five new divisions engaged, three were swept by our barrage fire whilst actually assembling for the offensive.

A Staggering Blow.

The battle resulted in the capture of nearly five thousand prisoners and the loss to the Germans of nearly twenty thousand men in a single day. The enemy's losses are described as frightful. The morale of the enemy's troops appears, moreover, to have been seriously affected by the staggering blow they sustained. The big haul of prisoners is explained, of course, by the great concentration of troops by which our men found themselves opposed in No Man's Land when they went over the top on the heels of our barrage fire. We penetrated into the enemy's line in places to a depth of a mile and a half and secured positions which Sir Douglas Haig rightly describes as of the greatest importance.

From the ridges we now hold south of Passchendaele we are able to obtain an uninterrupted view over the plain of Flanders right up to the city of Bruges in the north. We are in possession of the entire southern half of the Passchendaele Ridge, excepting only a low spur on which stands the village of Broodseinde, east of Zonnebeke, is in our hands, and with its possession the most serious part of our work in this sector is complete. We are still a mile and a half from the village of Passchendaele itself, but Poelcappelle is ours, and if the weather holds up we may yet succeed in taking the village of Passchendaele and in driving the enemy wholly into the plains.

Beyond this ridge, from which the Germans have for three years poured a destructive fire into Ypres, there is no more rising ground to conquer. Already our capture of Poelcappelle tends to outflank Houthulst Wood in which the Germans have entrenched themselves with every art known to military science.

The staggering nature of the blow the Germans have sustained is indicated by the difficulty they experience in delivering an effective counter-offensive. Some attempts were made to harass our men while they were occupied in organising the ground that has been won, but they were of so half-hearted a character that for the most part they have been passed over by Sir Douglas Haig as hardly worthy of mention in the official daily bulletins.

We are not told whether it was a providential accident that we chanced to catch the Germans on the spring, or whether Sir Douglas Haig had advance information of their plans. The latter is not an impossible surmise, in view of the intrepid reconnaissance work of our flying men. But, however this may have been, it is apparent that Prince Rupprecht's staff was thrown into confusion by what happened, for the counter-offensive is now the chief weapon in the enemy's defensive tactics. The Germans hold their front lines lightly and trust to their reserves to win back ground lost before the British are able to consolidate their gains.

The Fight for the Ridge.

Soldiers are warning us that we must not expect to secure the entire Passchendaele Ridge this autumn without a struggle of the greatest severity. We are fighting of necessity on a comparatively narrow front, and on that front the Germans have concentrated enormous reserves of troops.

But the very violence of the German defence east of Ypres is evidence of the desperation of Von Hindenburg's plight. Even if we accomplish no more this year than the capture of the Passchendaele Ridge the Germans will find themselves in exceedingly uncomfortable winter quarters. If the autumn rains should providentially hold off long enough to enable us to take Roulers as well the German position would be serious indeed.

Everyone now knows that the fall of Roulers would mean the fall of Ostend, and the uncovering of the Belgian coast up to a point south of Zeebrugge. The value of Zeebrugge in assisting the enemy's submarine campaign would thus be materially diminished. The base would become more than ever liable to aerial attack, and the port itself might even be within range of our long distance guns. In any case, it would be rendered a very hot corner.

Then, again, the loss of the southern half of the Belgian coast line would greatly impede those aerial raids on London, of which we have had such unpleasant experience during the last few days, and which now appear to be part of the settled military policy of Germany.

If you can establish a barrage of anti-aircraft guns along the Belgian coast as well as on our own eastern coast the difficulties which the Gothas already experience in penetrating our defences and getting to London and other inland cities are manifestly increased.

Whatever happens this autumn it must be obvious that Germany will start upon the new campaign in 1918 under very unfavourable conditions. The most encouraging reports continue to reach us of the gigantic efforts America is making for next year. We cannot hope for the results to show themselves very conspicuously before next spring, but from then onwards the weight of American intervention will show itself at an ever increasing ratio.

It would be improper to indicate even in the most general terms what the United States hopes to achieve by the spring, and what she hopes to achieve further by the autumn of next year. But if the figures could be made universally available they would go far to reassure even those professional faint hearts whose primary business in life seems to be to sap the resolution of the civilian population at home.

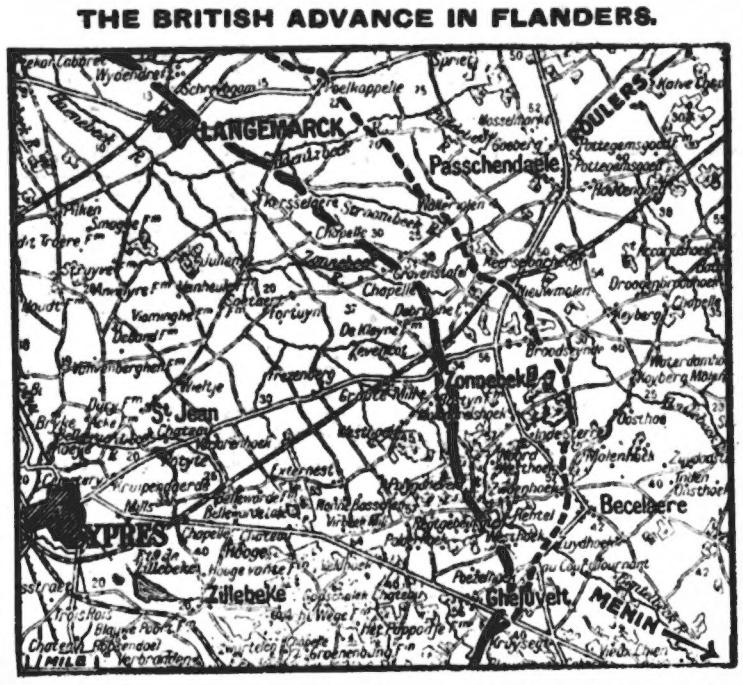
General Maude's Victory.

The campaigning season on the Tigris has opened with a very pleasing victory for General Maude. By a surprise attack he surrounded and captured the advanced Turkish army operating at Ramadie, a great number of prisoners falling into his hands.

Mention has already been made in this column of the great preparations the Germans are making to ensure the recapture of Bagdad. The redoubtable Marshal von Falkenhayn has been sent out to take control of the operations, and it may be assumed from this that a considerable German force has been despatched to the Middle East to stiffen the Turkish divisions available for operations against General Maude's Expeditionary Force.

Von Falkenhayn's plans, however, must have been rather rudely disturbed by General Maude's sudden and unexpected stroke, which has removed all menace from his left flank for a considerable time to come.

THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN FLANDERS.



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This map shows the region of the British advance. The thick black line indicates the position of the British before Thursday's advance, the extent of which is shown by the dotted line.

REPRISALS—Continued.

Fischer Betrays His Anger at Lutchester's Coup.

The Girl From New York

A Tale of the Secret Service

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Beginning of the Story.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is believed by

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire, of German origin, to be in possession of the stolen formula of a wonderful new explosive.

Nikasti, a Japanese, wants the formula for Japan, but

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman, whose sole interest appears to be sport, intervenes on Pamela's behalf when she is hard pressed by Fischer and the Jap.

Fischer believes that he has secured the formula, and that it is now in Germany. Nikasti is given a letter from the Kaiser, urging the Emperor of Japan to desert the Allies and attack America.

Lutchester succeeds in reading the letter. He tells the Jap that this is but a trick of Germany's, and says he will bring him evidence that will prove Germany's duplicity.

Fischer hires a ruffian to murder Lutchester, but the attempt ends in failure.

With the view of getting Senator Hastings (Pamela's uncle) to use his influence with the American President on behalf of Germany, Fischer promises an alliance with Germany against Japan.

Lutchester shows his hand to Pamela, and surprises her by proving that Britain has all the time been in possession of the formula of the new explosive. He asks Pamela to marry him.

Fischer ingratiates himself with Senator Hastings, and promises Pamela to call upon her with regard to their proposed alliance on her arrival in Washington.

CHAPTER XXX (Continued).

AREN'T your ears burning?" Pamela asked, after Lutchester had handed her into a taxicab and taken his place by her side. "I can absolutely feel them talking about us."

"I seem to be most regrettably unpopular," Lutchester remarked.

"Even now I am puzzled about that," Pamela confessed, "but you see my aunt considers herself the arbitress of what is right or wrong in social matters, and she is exceedingly narrow-minded. In her eyes it is no doubt a greater misdemeanour for me to have dined at the Ritz-Carlton alone with you than if I had conspired against the Government."

"And this, I thought, was the land of freedom for your sex!"

"Ah, but my aunt is rather an exception," Pamela reminded him. "The one thing I cannot understand, however, is that she should have allowed herself to be seen dining with Mr Oscar Fischer at the Ritz-Carlton. I should have thought that would have been almost as heinous to her as my own little slip from grace."

"Is your aunt by way of being interested in politics?" Lutchester inquired.

"Not in a general way," Pamela replied, "but she is intensely ambitious, and she'd give her soul if Uncle Theodore could get a nomination for the Presidency."

"Perhaps she is taking up the German-American cause, then," Lutchester suggested. "It is a possible platform, at anyrate."

"I foresee a new party," Pamela murmured, thoughtfully. "Now I come to think of it, Mr Elsworthy, the fat old gentleman who knew your uncle, is very pro-German."

He leaned towards her.

"We have had enough politics," he insisted. "There is the other thing. Couldn't I have my answer?"

She let him take her fingers. In the cool darkness through which they were rushing her face seemed white, her head was a little averted. He tried to draw her to him, but she was unyielding.

"Please not," she begged. "I like you—and I'm glad I like you," she added, "but I don't feel certain about anything. Couldn't we be just friends a little longer?"

"It must be as you say, but I am horribly in love with you," he confessed. "That may sound a rather bald way of saying so, but it's the truth, Pamela, dear."

His clasp upon her fingers was tightened. She turned towards him. Her expression was serious but delightful.

"Well, let me tell you this much, at least," she confided. "I have never before in my life been so glad to hear anyone say so. . . . And here we are at home, and there's Jimmy on the doorstep. What is it, Jimmy?" she asked, waving her hand.

He came towards her in a state of great excitement.

"Say, we've had to open up the office again!" he exclaimed. "The telegrams are rolling in now. That so-called German naval victory was a fake. The Britishers came right out on top. You know you stand to net at least half a million, Mr Lutchester? The worst of it is I have another client who's going to lose it."

Pamela shook her head at Lutchester.

"The possibility of increased responsibilities," he whispered. "A married man needs something to fall back upon."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The offices of Messrs Neville, Brooks, and Van Teyl were the scene of something like pandemonium. Van Teyl himself, bathed in perspiration, rushed into his room for the twentieth time. He almost flung the newspaper man who was waiting for him through the door.

"No, we don't know a darned thing," he declared. "We've no special information. The only reason we're up to our neck in Anglo-French is because we've two big cliente dealing."

"It's just a few personal notes about those clients we'd like to handle."

"Oh, get out as quick as you can," Van Teyl snapped. "This isn't a bucket shop or a pool room. The names of our clients concern ourselves only."

"What do you think Anglo-French are going to do, Mr Van Teyl?"

"I can't tell," was the prompt answer, "but I can tell what's going to happen if you don't clear out."

The newspaper man took a hurried leave. Van Teyl seized the telephone receiver, only to put it down with a little shout of relief as the door opened and Lutchester entered.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Why, I've been ringing you up for an hour and a half."

"Sorry," Lutchester replied, "I was down at the barber's the first time you got through, and then I had some cables to send off."

"Look here," Van Teyl continued, gripping him by the shoulder, "is six hundred and forty thousand dollars, or thereabouts, profit enough for you on your Anglo-French?"

"It sounds adequate," Lutchester confessed, laying his hat and cane carefully upon the table and drawing up an easy-chair. "How much is Mr Fischer going to lose?"

"God knows! If you allow me to sell at the present moment, you'll ease the market, and he'll lose about what you make."

"And if I decide to hold my Anglo-French?"

"You'll have to provide us with about a couple of million dollars," Van Teyl replied, "and I should think you would pretty well break Fischer for a time. Frankly, he's an important client, and we don't want him broken, even temporarily."

"What do you want me to do, then?"

"Give us authority to sell," Van Teyl begged. "Can't you hear them yapping about in the office outside? They're round me all the time like a pack of hounds. Honestly, if I don't sell some Anglo-French before lunch time to-day, they look like wrecking the office."

Lutchester knocked the end of a cigarette thoughtfully against the side of his chair.

"All right," he decided, "I don't want you to suffer any inconvenience. Besides, I am going to Washington this afternoon. You can keep on selling as long as the market's steady. Directly it sags, hold off. If necessary even buy a few more. You understand me? Don't keep a single block under to-day's price. Keep the market at that figure. It's an easy job, because next week Anglo-French will go up again."

Van Teyl was moved to a rare flash of admiration.

"You're a cool hand, Lutchester," he declared, "considering you're not a business man."

"Fischer's the man who'll need to keep cool," Lutchester remarked, lighting his cigarette. "What about a little lunch?"

The stockbroker scarcely heard him. He had struck a bell, and the office seemed suddenly filled with clerks. Van Teyl's words were incoherent—a string of strange directions, punctuated by slang which was, so far as Lutchester was concerned, unintelligible. The whole place seemed to wake into a clamour of telephone bells, shouts, the clanging and opening of the lift gates, and the hurried tramp of footsteps in the corridors outside. Lutchester rose to his feet. He was looking very comfortable and matter-of-fact in his grey tweed suit and soft felt hat.

"Perhaps," he observed, "I am out of place here. Drop me a line and let me know how things are going to the Hotel at Washington."

"That's all right," Van Teyl promised. "I'll get you on the long-distance 'phone. I was coming myself with Pamela for a few days, but this little deal of yours has set things buzzing. . . . Say, who's that?"

The door opened and Fischer paused upon the threshold. Certainly, of all the people concerned, the two speculators themselves seemed the least moved by the excitement they were causing. Fischer was dressed with his usual spick-and-span neatness, and his appearance betrayed no sign of flurry or excitement. He nodded grimly to Lutchester.

"My congratulations," he said. "You seem to have rigged the press here to some purpose."

Lutchester raised his eyebrows.

"I don't even know a newspaper man in New York," he declared.

The newcomer gave vent to a little gesture of derision.

"Then you've some very clever friends! You'd better make the most of their offices. The German version of the naval battle will be confirmed and amplified within twenty-four hours, and then your Anglo-French will touch mud."

"If that is your idea," Lutchester remarked suavely, "why buy now? Why not wait till next week? Come," he went on, "I will have a little flutter with you if you like, Fischer. I will bet you five thousand dollars, and Van Teyl here shall hold the stakes, that a week hence to-day Anglo-French stand higher than they do at this moment."

Fischer hesitated. Then he turned away.

"I am not a sportsman, Mr Lutchester," he said.

Lutchester brushed away a little dust from his coat sleeve.

"No," he murmured, "I agree with you. Good morning!" . . .

Lutchester walked out into the sun-baked streets, and with his absence Fischer abandoned his almost unnatural calm. He strode up and down the room, fuming with rage. At every fresh click of the tape machine he snatched at the printed slip eagerly, and threw it away with an oath. No one took any notice of him. Van Teyl rushed in and out, telephones clanged, perspiring clerks dashed in with copies of contracts to add to the small pile upon the desk. There came a quiet moment presently. Van Teyl wiped the perspiration from his forehead and drank a tumblerful of water.

"Fischer," he asked, "what made you go into this so big? You must have known there was always a risk of your wireless report beating it up a little too tall."

"It wasn't our report at all that I went by," Fischer confessed gloomily. "It was the British Admiralty announcement that did it. Can you conceive," he went on, striking the table with his fist, "any nation at war, with a grain of commonsense or an ounce of self-respect, issuing a statement like that?—an apology for a defeat which, damn it all, never happened! Say the thing was a drawn battle, which is about what it really was. It didn't suit the Germans to fight it to a finish. They'd everything to lose and little to gain. So in effect they left the Britishers there and passed back behind there own minefield. So far as regards reports, that was victory enough for anyone except those muddle-headed civilians at Whitehall. They deceived the world with that infernal bulletin, and incidentally me."

"It's a damned unfortunate business!" Van Teyl sighed. "You're only half way out yet and it's cost you nearly three hundred thousand."

A dull spot of purple colour burned in Fischer's cheeks. His upper lip was drawn in; his appearance for a moment was repulsive.

"It isn't the money I mind," he muttered. "It's Lutchester."

Van Teyl was discreetly silent. Fischer seemed to read his thoughts. He leaned across the table.

"A wonderful fellow, your friend Lutchester," he sneered. "An Admirable Crichton of finance and diplomacy and love-making, eh? But the end isn't just yet. I promise you one thing, James Van Teyl. He is going to marry your sister."

"I'd a damned sight sooner she married him than you!" Van Teyl blazed out.

Fischer was taken aback. He had held for so long the upper hand with this young man that for the moment he had forgotten that circumstances were changed between them. Van Teyl rose to his feet. The bonds of the last few months had snapped. He spoke like a free man.

"Look here, Fischer," he said, "you've had me practically in your power for the best part of a year, but now I'm through with you. I'm out of your debt, no thanks to you, and I'm going to keep out. I am working on your business as hard as though you were my own brother, and I'll go on doing it. I'll get you out of this mess as well as I can, and after that you can take your damned business where you please."

"So that's it, is it?" Fischer scoffed. "A rich brother-in-law coming along, eh? . . . No, don't do that," stepping quickly backwards as Van Teyl's fist shot out.

"Then keep my sister's name out of this conversation," Van Teyl insisted. "If you are wise, you'll clear out altogether. They're at it again."

Fischer, however, glanced at the clock and remained. At the next lull he hung down the tape and turned to his companion.

"Say, there's no use quarrelling, James," he declared. "I'm going to leave you to it now. Guess I said a little more than I meant to, but I tell you I hate that fellow Lutchester. I hate him just as though I were the typical German and he were the typical Britisher, and there was nothing but a sea of hate between us. Shake hands, Jim."

Van Teyl obeyed without enthusiasm. Fischer drew a chair to the table and wrote out a cheque, which he passed across.

"I'll drop into the bank and let them know about this," he said. "You can make up accounts and let me hear how the balance stands. I'll wipe it out by return, whatever it is."

Fischer passed out of the offices a few minutes later, followed by many curious eyes, and stepped into his automobile. A young man who had brushed against him pushed a note into his hand. Fischer opened it as his car swung slowly through the traffic:—

Guards at all Connecticut factories doubled. O'Hagan caught last night in precincts of small arms factory. Was taken alive, disobeying orders. Be careful.

Fischer tore the note into small pieces. His face was grimmer than ever as he leaned back amongst the cushions. There were evil things awaiting him outside Wall Street.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lutchester breathed the air of Washington and felt almost home-sick. The stateliness of the city, its sedate and quiescent air after the turmoil of New York, impressed him profoundly. Everywhere its diplomatic associations made themselves felt. Congress was in session, and the faces of the men whom he met continually in the hotels and restaurants seemed to him some index of the world power which flung its far-reaching arms from beneath the Capitol dome.

One afternoon a few days after his arrival he called at the Hastings' house, a great Colonial mansion within a stone's-throw of his own headquarters. The mention of his name, however, seemed to chill all the hospitality out of the smiling face of the butler who answered his ring. Miss Van Teyl was out, and from the man's manner it was obvious that Miss Van Teyl would continue to be out for a very long time. Lutchester retraced his steps to the British Embassy, where he had spent most of the morning, and made his way to the sitting-room of one of the secretaries. The Honourable Philip Downing, who was eagerly waiting for a cable recalling him to take up a promised commission, welcomed him heartily.

"Things are slack here to-day, old fellow. Let's go out to the Country Club and have a few sets of tennis or a game of golf, whichever you prefer," he suggested. "I've done my little lot until the evening."

"Show on to-night, isn't there?" Lutchester inquired.

"Just a reception. You're going to put in an appearance?"

"I fancy so. Have you got your list of guests handy?"

The young man dived into a drawer and produced a few typewritten sheets.

"Alphabetical lists of acceptances, with here and there a few personal notes," he pointed out, with an air of self-satisfaction. "I go through this list with the chief while he's changing for dinner."

Lutchester ran his forefinger down the list.

"Senator Theodore and Mrs Hastings," he quoted. "By the bye, they have a niece staying with them."

"Want a card for her?" the Honourable Philip inquired with a grin.

"I should like it sent off this moment," Lutchester replied.

The young man took a square, gilt-edged card from a drawer by his side, filled it out at Lutchester's dictation, rang the bell, and despatched it by special messenger.

"I've got my little buzzer outside," he observed. "We'll make tracks for the club if you're ready."

The two men played several sets of tennis, and afterwards lounged in two wicker chairs underneath a gigantic plane tree in a corner of the lawn. The place was crowded, and Philip Downing was an excellent showman.

"Washington," he explained, "has never been so divided into opposite camps, and this is almost the only common meeting ground. Everyone has to come here, of course. The German Staff play tennis, and the Austrians all go in for polo. Here comes Ziduski. He's most fearfully popular with the ladies here—does us a lot of harm, they say. He's a great stickler for etiquette. He used to nod and call me Phil. Now, you watch. He'll bow from his waist, as though he had corsets on. As a matter of fact, he's a good sportsman."

Count Ziduski's bow was stiff enough, but his intention was obvious. He stopped before the two men, exchanged a somewhat stilted greeting with Philip Downing, and turned to Lutchester.

"I believe," he said, "that I have the honour of addressing Mr Lutchester?"

Lutchester rose to his feet.

"That is my name," he admitted.

"We have met in Rome, I think, and in Paris," the Count reminded him. "If I might beg for the favour of a few moments' conversation with you."

The two men strolled away together. The Count plunged at once into the middle of things.

"It is you, sir, I believe, whom I have to thank for the abrupt departure of Mademoiselle Sonia from New York?"

"Quite true," Lutchester admitted.

"Under different circumstances," the Count proceeded, "I might regard such interference in my affairs in a different manner. Here, of course, that is impossible. I speak to you out of regard for the lady in question. You appear in some mysterious manner to have discovered the fact that she was in the habit of bringing entirely unimportant and non-political messages from dear friends in France."

"Mademoiselle Sonia," Lutchester said calmly, "had for a brief space of time forgotten herself. She was engaged in carrying out espionage work on your behalf. I believe I may say that she will do so no more."

The Count was a man of medium height, thin, with complexion absolutely colourless, and deep-set, tired eyes. At this moment, however, he seemed endowed with the spirit of a new virility. The cane which he grasped might have been a dagger. His smooth tones nursed a threat.

"Mr Lutchester," he declared, "if harm should come to her through your information, I swear to God that you shall pay!"

Lutchester's manner was mild and unprovocative.

"Count," he replied, "we make no war upon women. Sonia has repented, and the knowledge which I have of her misdeeds will be shared by no one. She has gone back to her country to work for the Red Cross there. So far as I am concerned, that is the end."

You will find another instalment of this story next week.

ATHOLL AND AIRDRIE MILITARY MEDALLISTS.

SERGT. KENNEDY. PTE. FERGUSON.

Sergt. W. A. Kennedy, of the Black Watch, hails from Kilmorich, Ballinluig. He was associated with the Scottish Horse at the inception of the regiment, and went through the Gallipoli campaign scathless, afterwards serving in Egypt.

Private Dan Ferguson, H.L.I., who has gained the Military Medal, enlisted two years ago. In civil life he was a machine-man in the mines of the Darngavil Coal Co., Ltd. His mother resides at Wattstown, Greengairs, near Airdrie.

Our Portrait is of Miss FLORRIE ORGA of 100 Clark Street, Ladywood Birmingham, whose father writes:—

"My daughter Florrie was suffering with very bad Head covered with Sores and Eruptions, and in fact her mother was afraid to comb her hair. She had been under several doctors, but all to no purpose, so I began to think she would never get well again and lose all her hair. As your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' cured me of Glandular Swellings in the Neck some years ago, and myself when having to undergo an operation, I decided to give 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' a fair trial in the case of my daughter, and I am pleased to say it effected a wonderful cure."

In a further letter Mr. Organ writes from "Somewhere in France," "No doubt you will be surprised to hear that I am serving with the Forces in France, and pleased to say I am in the best of health."

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But if neglected the small swelling will grow larger and larger until it affects the whole life, destroys your health, and perhaps brings Death.

Do not neglect that swelling if you value your life and health. And do not think to cure it by wearing a truss, for a truss will probably make the Rupture worse. There is no need for you to do either. To-day you are invited to send for Free Treatment and Advice which will instantly relieve your trouble and bring about a speedy and permanent cure.

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SENT ON APPROVAL

Mr. Cooper says:—I will send to any address in plain sealed wrapper on approval so that the sufferer can examine the Appliance for himself before deciding to purchase it.—

1. The special "Mecca" Appliance for the Relief and Cure of Rupture—the Appliance which owing to the marvellous benefit secured by those who use it, is rapidly superseding the old-fashioned, costly, and useless truss.

2. Full and complete instructions which will shew you how to strengthen the weakened muscular parts and enable the Appliance to effect about rapid relief and a natural and permanent immunity from any recurrence of the disorder.

The wonderful "Mecca" Rupture Appliance will be sent you on approval. Examine it for yourself and you will find it immeasurably superior to old-fashioned trusses and likely to give you greatest relief and benefit to you. Moreover the cost is only a few shillings, and easily within the reach of all. Should you not wish to keep it it back and no charge will be made. If you are a sufferer, do not lose a moment. Write (a postcard will do) to D. M. Cooper, Ltd., (Dept. 314), Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally (except Saturday) between the hours of 10 and from 2 to 4.

E WESTERN LEAGUE

UMBARTON HARP'S WIN.

ARTON HARP, 3; STEVENSTON UNITED, 0.

mbarton Harp served up a fine display in half, and with a little steadiness in front should have resumed with a larger margin favour M'Millan scored twice for them, from close range, and the second with a ceptive shot. In the second portion Steven- better account of themselves, but weak quelled many likely openings. Towards the Harp served up a great game. Ferguson the best goal of the match. Livingston Watson, and M'Millan were outstanding while prominent for Stevenston were Watters. Menzies, Farrel, and W. Mont-

LIVE RENTON.

ENTON, 5; JOHNSTONE, 1.

had a big win over their Renfrewshire From the start it was early seen that Ren- introduced Richardson (of Queen's Park) were in their best mood. In fewer minutes the home team on the lead, while Had- added a second from close in. During the visitors' only goal. Renton led at the by 3-1. Porteous having scored their third tly after the resumption Cook added a al for Renton, and Welsh scored a fifth a tes before the close. Renton were best Richardson, M'Lean, Porteous, Wight- Cook. For the losers Smith, Caffrey, Devine, and Paton were conspicuous.

BERCORN DIVIDE.

E OF LEVEN, 2; ABERCORN, 2.

hard game was witnessed between these Milburn Park. All the goals were scored respective centres. The first half was keenly Five minutes from the interval M'Lean the scoring for Vale, who crossed over with In the second half Abercorn in twenty equalised. J Black scoring with a low shot. again put Vale on the lead, however, but tes from the close J. Black squared the th a lovely shot. Best for Vale, Wharrier, Moonie, Speirs, and M'Lean, while M'Leod, M'Dougall, Pollock, and Black were out- for Abercorn.

GOOD GAME AT COATBRIDGE.

ON ROVERS, 3; ARTHURLIE, 1.

e Rovers were the more impressive lot, ughout played with tremendous eagerness. the game Dowds (Third Lanark) rattled in goal, and near the interval Anderson, from , gave the Coatbridge club a second point. tors failed to count, and crossed over two the bad. estart was only seven minutes old when y was fouled inside the "dreaded line." k took the penalty, and gave Rovers a Arthurlie continued to play with eager- eventually were rewarded, M'Neilage head- al. For Rovers Galbraith, Dowds, Thom, nett were best, while Stirling, Todd, Laws, Neilage were outstanding for the visitors.

E EASTERN LEAGUE.

DUNDEE HIBS HAMMERED.

MADALE, 2; DUNDEE HIBS, 0.

teams were at full strength. The rushuffling Armadale lot was fully justified, all depart- howing improved form. Hibs were particu- ominent in defence, but they lacked dash Following smart work by Bellamy and ch Thomson had a great try for Hibs, but ade one of his famous saves. Brilliant work M. Brown, and Currie allowed Armadale Thanks to outstanding work by Taylor halves the home men were for a long time hay At last a corner was forced. Hodden ell, a scrimmage followed, and Curry beat Armadale played keenly, but Perrier, and Fitchie kept matters well in hand. due to Taylor's work that many difficult for Armadale were safely negotiated. The rossed over with Armadale leading by 1-0. second half Armadale had all the play, ing again and again forced to defend. Many ere made by the "Dale front and half-back Balfour and his halves saved splendidly. e seldom dangerous. On time Taylor gave enalty. Balfour saved, but Curry got the scored.

HAMPION TROT AT GLASGOW.

Victoria Grounds a £50 open trotting decided Three heats and a final made up . In the final round a great race was wit- between China Cock, the English champion, rge IV., the Scottish champion. The Scot- ran splendidly all through the meeting, away in fine style, and gained a popular a neck, with only half a length dividing ock from Ormond. Details:—Final 1 (£30) ull's George IV. (owes 30); 2 Mr Bunting's ock (owes 80); 3 Miss Traill's Ormond (65). -Skipper (115), Jack of Diamonds (55), ny P (240). Betting—6 to 4 against China to 1 against Ormond, 4 to 1 against George to 1 against Skipper, 10 to 1 each Jack of ds and Tommy P. Won by a neck. Half a divided second and third. Time—2 minutes onds.

QUOITING.

rd Price Annbank, is forward with a chal- to play W. Cringan (the noted footballer), e Water, a game of 61 shots up at 21 yards. names J. Kilpatrick, Muirkirk; A. Cameron, gow; W. Carswell, Mountgreenan; and mpion, as opponents worthy of his steel. M'Beth, a Lanarkshire 15 yards champion, death while at work at the pit. District showed their sympathy when R. M'Bride, ll, and Geordie Davidson, Douglas Water, p a benefit match, when Bob M'Bride won medal by 3 shots—41-39.

am Walkinshaw, Newtongrange, lays claim 10 yards championship title, and is forward challenge to play any man in Scotland at tance with quoits 8½ lbs. each, 8½ inches and a 4-inch ring.

Match at Dykehead—H. King, Dykehead, Simpson, Forth, 40.

Match at Kirkintilloch—R. Brannan, Kirkin- 61; J. Wilson, Kirkintilloch, 58.

Match at Barrhead—J. M'Bride, East Cal- d J. Walkinshaw, Castle Douglas, tried con- s at Barrhead for £50. An exciting game in a close win for "Shaw." Walkinshaw, Bride, 59.

OWDERHALL PEDS.

pedestrian handicaps were run to a finish derhall yesterday. For the half-mile there 80 entrants drawn in nine heats. J. Lind- rborne was the virtual scratch man, with a of forty yards—the limit running to ninety. ending heats and final of last Saturday's dash were also brought off. Results:— Yards Dash (£5) B. Farrell, West Calder (15); J. Thomson, Dalkeith (20); (5s) W. Blackness (10). Betting—3 to 1 on Farrell, against Thomson, 6 to 1 each Logan and J. Edinburgh (15½). Won by a yard; inches second and third. Time—6 3-5 secs. Mile—1 (£10) J. Hughes, Rosewell (75); 100; 1 Gowans, Edinburgh (90); 3 (15s) rate, Townhill (75); 4 (5s) J. Drummond, (50). Betting—5 to 4 on Hughes, 6 to 4 Gowans, 3 to 1 W. Johnstone, Winch- (75); 6 to 1 Drummond, 10 to 1 others. 176 yards; four yards between second and Time—1 min. 56 secs.

er, the ex Clyde half, has signed for ank.

TIPS FOR THIS WEEK.

BY THE COLONEL.

NEWMARKET—Tuesday, Oct. 9.—Maiden Plate—John Gay, nap; if absent, Slippery Anne. October Nursery—King John, nap; if absent, Thyme. October Handicap—Golden Rule, nap; if absent, Khedive III. Rous Memorial Stakes—Benevente, nap; if absent, Georgia. Trial Handicap—Will o' the Wisp, nap; if absent, Sprint. Apprentices' Handicap (Div. 1)—Elevator, nap; if absent, Tortona. Apprentices' Handicap (Div. 2)—Nation, nap; if absent, Loxwood. Nap Selection—Benevente. Double—Benevente and King John.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10.—Three-Year-Old Handicap—Athdara, nap; if absent, Go On. Linton Plate—Old Drury, nap; if absent, Helios. Great Eastern Railway Handicap—All Serene, nap; if absent, Molly Desmond. Wednesday Nursery (Div. 1)—High Tide colt, nap; if absent, Elfin. Wednesday Nursery (Div. 2)—Allan Brig, nap; if absent, Sherston. Linton Plate (Div. 2)—Tenedos, nap; if absent, Ancient and Modern. Hopeful Stakes—Gainsborough, nap; if absent, Polyscope. Jockey Club Handicap—Salamandra, nap; if absent, Saxon. Nap Selection — Gainsborough. Double — Gainsborough and Salamandra.

THURSDAY, Oct. 11.—Norwich Handicap—Dark Legend, nap; if absent, By Jingo. Thetford Handicap—Bisegound, nap; if absent, Curraghgour. Ditch Mile Nursery—Corn Exchange, nap; if absent, Flying Wing. Ditch Mile Nursery (Div. 2)—Minikey, nap; if absent, Fleurbaix. Yeldham Plate—Quarryman, nap; if absent, Hampshire Lily. Snailwell Stakes—Diadem, nap; if absent, Off the White. Nap Selection—Corn Exchange. Double—Corn Exchange and Blueground.

LISTOWEL—Tuesday, Oct. 9.—Tralee Plate—Waving Queen, nap; if absent, Archias. Listowel Plate—Ravensthorpe, nap; if absent, Frejus. Ballybunion Plate—Submarine, nap; if absent, The Baritone. Corinthian Plate—Speranza, nap; if absent, Glencarbry. River Plate—Lord Carbery, nap; if absent, Oppidjan. Nap Selection—Submarine. Double—Submarine and Speranza.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10.—Kerry Plate—Maroc, nap; if absent, Jenny Jones. Stand Plate—Loch Allen, nap; if absent, Irish Field. Killarney Plate—Bee Fast, nap; if absent, Solid Gold. Island Plate—Glenpatrick, nap; if absent, L.B. Maiden Chase—Wolf Well, nap; if absent, Scartleen. Nap Selection—Glenpatrick. Double—Glenpatrick and Loch Allen.

PHŒNIX PARK—Saturday, Oct. 13.—Maiden Plate—Abajala, nap; if absent, Roi Echo. Castleknock Plate—Pendragon, nap; if absent, Inconstant George. Greenmount Plate—Cally, nap; if absent, Aquamarine. Ashtown Plate—Lady Lachine, nap; if absent, Shotmaker. Abbotstown Plate—Noham, nap; if absent, The Hun. Nap Selection—Lady Lachine. Double—Lady Lachine and Cally.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

BRIGHTON.

2.0—The Shoreham Plate Selling Handicap.—Loxwood (A. Smith), 9-4, 1; Duncan (S. Donoghue), 10-1, 2; The Settler (G. Hulme), 100-6, 3. Fourteen ran.

2.30—Kemp Town Plate.—Resilience (V. Smyth), 2-5, 1; Tiercel (Earl), 10-1, 2; Menu (C. Trigg), 8-1, and Sunnymede (R. Colling), 8-1, dead heat. Six ran.

3.0—High-Weight Handicap.—Dumb Waiter (G. Hulme), 10-1, 1; Elevator (A. Wheatley), 8-1, 2; Silver Wolf (A. Smith), 10-1, 3. Eight ran.

3.30—All-Aged Selling Plate—Per Annum (R. Colling), 100-30, 1; Belle Syme (T. Leader), 6-5, 2; Varna Lily (G. Hulme), 100-8, 3. Eight ran.

4.0—Stanmer Plate.—Pamflete (S. Donoghue), 7-1, 1; Julian (E. Lancaster), 10-1, 2; Menina (G. Hulme), 8-1, 3. Thirteen ran.

4.30—Bramber Plate—Scarpa Flow (S. Donoghue), 9-4, 1; Silver Saint (G. Hulme), 4-1, 2; Gambado (Earl), 3-1, 3. Seven ran.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast sixteen correct results. There is NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.

The competitor who gives the sixteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the sixteen correct results, a Consolation Prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results, the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of sixteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, October 13.

Strike out in ink in the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion the game will end in a draw, leave the names of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed, the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold good.

Any number of entry forms may be enclosed in the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to the competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED OCTOBER 13.

Blackpool	v.	Stoke.
Rochdale	v.	Stockport C.
Preston N.E.	v.	Liverpool.
Bolton Wan.	v.	Southport C.
Bradford	v.	Birmingham.
Leicester Fosse	v.	Bradford City.
Hull City	v.	Sheffield Wed.
Barnsley	v.	Notts County
Fulham	v.	Chelsea.
Crystal Palace	v.	Arsenal.
Clapton Orient	v.	Millwall.
Celtic	v.	Kilmarnock.
Morton	v.	Rangers.
Third Lanark	v.	Clyde.
Motherwell	v.	St Mirren.
Dumbarton	v.	Clydebank.

I enter this competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special," 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, October 10.

£100 WON.

The £100 prize offered for a correct forecast of all the matches played on September 29 has been won by

THOMAS TAYLOR,
23 Yeathouse Road, Frizington,
Cumberland,

who submitted a form showing every result correctly forecasted.

BILLIARDS.

REECE AGAIN DEFEATS INMAN.

Reece had a rather easy victory over Inman in the match which finished on Saturday night in the Billiard House, 234 Sauchiehall Street. On the last day of the fortnight, the competitors played at three sessions, an extra one being held in the forenoon. Right through the day, Reece played a much better game than the champion, who repeatedly missed easy shots. The difference was more marked in the afternoon and evening. At the former session, Reece, who started with 14,407, had breaks of 148, 216, 129, 165, and 211, and compiled an aggregate of 964. His play was of the all-round order, but it included several very fine displays of nursery cannons. Inman, on the other hand, failed at unexpected moments, and his aggregate was only 318, his only entry into three figures being 124 near the end of the session, which closed with Reece (in play, 6 unfinished) at 15,371, and Inman 13,798.

At the evening session, Reece maintained his superiority. On his second visit to the table, he put on 73, followed, a little later, by 320. The three visits which followed were comparatively fruitless, but he took full advantage of his next chance, and ran up to 16,000 with a break of 211. Inman, who did not exceed 53, stood at 13,922.

Reece,	16,000
Inman,	13,922
Stevenson,	6000
Carpenter,	4200

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW DOGS.

A 200 yards open handicap in twenty-eight heats and the final made up the card yesterday, the winner taking the handsome sum of £21, and the second receiving £3. Details:—First Semi-Final—1 Mr Anderson's Family Pride (18½); 2 Mr Rice's Dear Mary (17). Second Semi-Final—1 Mr Bookless' Big Geordie (3½); 2 Mr M'Donald's Cappie (22½). Third Semi-Final—1 Mr M'Donald's Heatherbell (24); 2 Mr Mack's No Use (20½). Fourth Semi-Final—1 Mr Twigg's Dreary Day (22); 2 Mr Harry's Mayflower (12½). Final—1 Family Pride, 2 Dreary Day, 3 Heatherbell. Also ran—Big Geordie, Cappie, No Use, and Mayflower. Betting—6 to 4 against Family Pride, 2 to 1 against Big Geordie, 3 to 1 Dreary Day, 5 to 1 Heatherbell, 8 to 1 Cappie, 10 to 1 others. An exciting finish. Won by inches.

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

The programme opened with the semi-finals of the previous week's racing, and the results were:—First Semi-Final—1 Simpson's, Chapelhall, Old Girl (33); 2 Johnstone's Molly (33). Second Semi-Final—1 Montgomery's More Beer (18); 2 Shearer's Night Shift (27). Third Semi-Final—1 Clinton's French Ellen (32); 2 Cochrane's Wee Daisy (32). Final—1 Wee Daisy, 2 French Ellen. Betting—6 to 1 against the winner, threes others.

LOCHGELLY DOGS.

Result:—1 Has Been (Mr Duncan, Lochgelly) (12); 2 Rose (Mr Mack, Shawsmill) (10); 3 Minney (Mr Young, Bowhill) (18); 4 Dib (Mr Davis, Cardenden) (15½). Betting—Evens on Has Been.

EDINBURGH MEET.

There was a special dog handicap at Powderhall yesterday, when considerably over 200 dogs were present. The prize money was augmented to £20. Finalists—Skidmore's (Portobello) Heudini (28); Buchan's (Bathgate) Review (30); Smith's (Meadowmill) Wee Eck (32); Heap's (Bonnyrigg) Carnegie (32); Mayes' (Cowgate) Little Jim (30). Result:—1 (£16) Little Jim. Other finalists £1 each. Betting—5 to 4 on Wee Eck, 7 to 4 against Review, 4 to 1 Little Jim, 8 to 1 Heudini, 20 to 1 Carnegie. A close race. Won on the tape. Time—A shade under 10½ secs.

BOXING.

Amateurs Help Limbless Fund.

An amateur boxing championship, arranged on behalf of the Scottish Soldiers' and Sailors' Limbless Fund, was concluded at the National Athletic Club, Bridgeton, last night.

There was some spirited boxing in the finals, which resulted as follows:—11 Stone 4—Ward (Scottish National) beat Clark (S.N.) on points. 10 Stone—J. Gilmour (S.N.) beat Private Ferguson (K.O.S.B.) on points. 9 Stone—Leggatt (unattached) beat Henderson (Parkhead) on points.

Boys (over fourteen)—M'Fee (Springburn A.C.) beat M'Vey (Parkhead) on points.

Boys (under fourteen)—Phinister (S.N.) was to have met J. M'Connachie (Glasgow Athletic), but the latter retired on account of his opponent being too big for him.

SPORTS AT JAMESTOWN.

Munitioneers' Football Match.

Jamestown, Saturday.

A sports meeting was held on the Gular Park, Jamestown, this afternoon in aid of the funds to send Christmas gifts to Jamestown men on service. There was an attendance of over 1500. Mr H. H. Macintosh, Jamestown, was chieftain of the gathering.

The sports were a great success, much interest being displayed in a ladies' football match between Armstrong-Whitworth girls and a munitioneers' team from Cardonald, Glasgow. This resulted in a draw of one goal each. The prizes in the various events were presented by Mr Charles Glen, chairman of Bonhill School Board.

POPULAR FOOTBALLER'S FUNERAL.

Airdrie, Saturday.

The funeral took place this afternoon of James M'Kerley (26), the popular Airdrieonian and Albion Rovers football player. M'Kerley came by his death in a particularly painful manner. While riding on a waggon of a train going into Calderbank Steelworks he lost his hold, and, falling in front of the waggon, was run over, his head being almost severed from the body and his legs both badly cut and fractured. The funeral to-day was a remarkably representative one, a very long cortege being made up of footballers, Orangemen, and general public. It proceeded from his residence in Johnston Street to New Monkland Cemetery, and was witnessed by dense crowds that lined the streets along the route. Deceased leaves a widow and four children.

HOW A NOTED ARTIST'S MODEL REDUCED HER WEIGHT 36 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS

After Having to Give up her Calling Owing to Excessive Fat, she Discovered a Harmless Drugless Method which Gave Back to Her the Figure that Made Her Famous.

OFFERS INTERESTING BOOK FREE WHICH TELLS HOW ANYONE CAN EASILY REDUCE THEMSELVES BY THIS METHOD IN THEIR OWN HOME WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF ANYONE.

DOUBLE CHIN & FAT HIPS GO QUICKLY.

Over 25,000 Women have Reduced their Weight by her Method.

ISN'T THIS CONVINCING PROOF OF THE VALUE OF HER GREAT DISCOVERY?

You too can reduce yourself even more than this by the same process if you so desire. No drugs! No Starvation Diet! No tiresome exercises.

Miss Winifred Grace Hartland, the famous artist's model, is again the proud possessor of the ideal figure which made her so popular a model with artists and sculptors the world over.

A year ago she had become so fleshy that she was forced to give up posing. Friends persuaded her to try various fat cures, which she did, but without success. At last, when nearly at the point of despair, she took the task of removing her fat upon her own self, and after months of trials and repeated failures she eventually discovered a way that reduced her weight at the rate of a pound per day, without the use of drugs, starvation diet, tiresome exercises, or other outlandish methods which are often tried, but which invariably prove useless.

It is no trouble, no bother; yet it seems to work like magic. It strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, relieves that stuffy feeling, and reduces double chin, large stomach, and fat hips quickly and safely. In fact, the general health is improved right from the start. Many of Miss Hartland's customers look from 10 to 15 years younger since they have taken their treatment.

Her method is so simple and harmless that it is a wonder someone had not thought of applying this means long ago. Several of her friends have tried this process with the same astonishing results, and there seems to be no question but that she has hit upon the only safe and sane way ever discovered for over-stout people for removing their excessive fat.

She has most reluctantly yielded to the persuasion of her enthusiastic friends to publish a book showing the means she employed to reduce herself to such beautiful proportions, after losing the shapeliness of her figure through superfluous fat.

The first copies of this interesting book are just off the press, and are certainly a work of art. The book is written in extremely fascinating style, and contains some very fine illustrations of this famous model. It is wonderfully instructive, and there is no doubt but that it will prove of great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All she asks is that two 1d stamps be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 271, Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

Illustrated Book which Explains Her Method Now Offered Free for the First Time. Send for Copy To-Day.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

If your Chemist is sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to The Laboratory, and box will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous apostle "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING —DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH —QUINSY —CROUP
—PNEUMONIA —NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS —RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS —CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA —EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from Lung Trouble, and my doctor told me that I must be prepared for the end. Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and miraculously saved his life.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr Crawford, of Burnley, found that when Doctors and Hospitals and Sanatoria have utterly failed, "LIQUFRUTA," THE MIGHTY HEALER, shows its power and proves "it is never too late to mend." Mr Crawford was stricken with Consumption, and told by his medical man that he was doomed; now he is overjoyed and filled with hope. This is what Mr Crawford writes:—"For over 12 months I have been attacked by Lung Consumption, and have had three months in a Sanatorium. This, however, did me but little good; in fact, I thought my case was hopeless, as indeed it was, had it not been for 'LIQUFRUTA.' I have only used 'LIQUFRUTA' for a few weeks, but I have found a great change in my condition, and my friends and relations see it also. The disease was greatly advanced, and I could not sleep for the racking cough, and, moreover, I could not keep one morsel of food on my stomach, so that I was wasting away. I was even told by my doctor that nothing more could be done for me. Then I commenced 'LIQUFRUTA,' and I have lost all the night sweats, and can sleep comfortably, thanks to 'LIQUFRUTA,' and I would not be without it for anything." Such is the case of this gentleman—no matter how long you have suffered; no matter if the trouble is Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, or Whooping Cough; no matter how many remedies you may have had without avail—"LIQUFRUTA," THE MIGHTY HEALER, will relieve or cure you, if you will only give it a fair trial.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 500 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co. and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5. for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For abroad sufficient to cover postage must be added. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta
CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

WHERE GERMAN AIR RAIDS ARE DIRECTED.

The German Aerial Headquarters in Flanders have been established at St. Denis Westrem, with a branch at Gontrode. These places have, of course, received special attention during our enterprising and very destructive raids over enemy territory. There are seventeen enemy aerodromes from Ghent to the sea, and from these centres raids on Britain are organised.

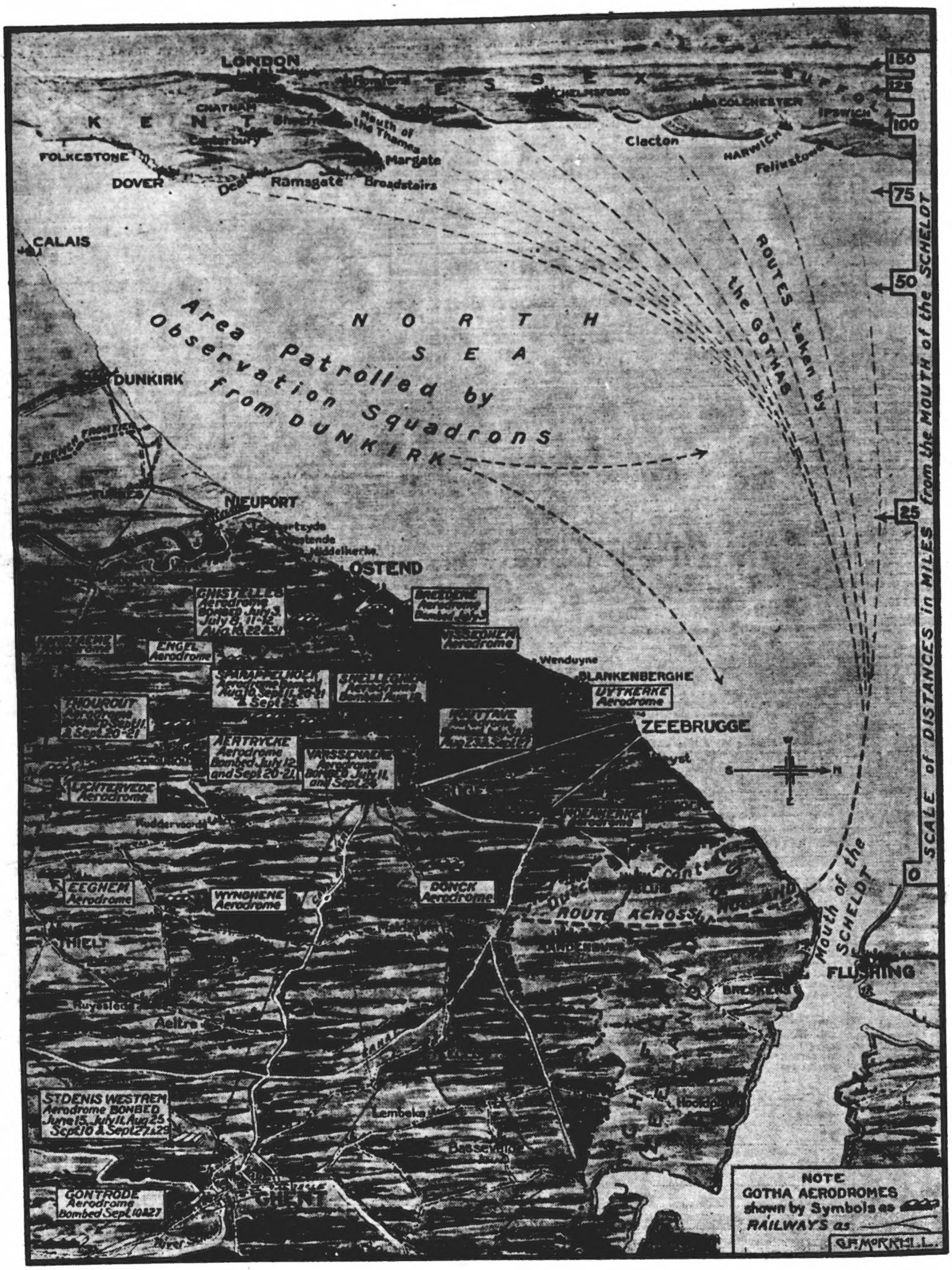
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1917.

STRAFING THE HORNETS IN THEIR NESTS.

Early last year Zeppelins had their bases at several aerodromes south-west of Bruges, but in this quarter the Gothas have superseded them. It has been estimated that the seventeen stations have a total housing capacity for three hundred Gothas. It is, indeed, very satisfactory to know that our airmen have been very continuously strafing the hornets in their nests.

WHERE THE GOTHAS COME FROM.



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Just as our airmen have given the German aerial bases in Flanders absolutely no rest so it is now hoped that our gallant flying men will have early opportunities of going much further ahead and hitting back the Germans even still harder by dropping bombs on their towns, works, and communications. The above pictorial map gives an accurate idea of the situation of the German flying bases from which the enemy organises raids upon our coast. Our airmen have done tremendous damage amongst these aerodromes, and many projected air raids have been nipped in the bud. In addition, they have carried out wholesale bombing raids on ammunition dumps, railway stations, junctions, and sidings, docks, and other military objectives, thus doing much to reduce the enemy's barbarous activities. The assurance that our airmen are about to punish the Huns more severely by means of reprisals has given the greatest satisfaction, and there are none more enthusiastic than the airmen themselves at the chance of being able to increase their sphere of activity, which, of course, will continue in Flanders just as usual.

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